

★ THE CADET ★ CHAMELEON



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TARGET COMICS

May

10¢



VOL. 5 NO. 1

MILT HAMMER



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

YE EDITORS' PAGE

Dear Gang:

We're sure you're all saving paper, waste fats, scrap and buying all the War Bonds you can, so this month we are going to use all our space to publish letters from some of you and send you one more dollar's worth of War Stamps for your collection. Readers, don't forget to write the Editor whenever you have any ideas for TARGET and perhaps you'll be one of the lucky ones to receive those War Stamps, too.

THE EDITOR.

Dear Editors:

I read Speck, Spot and Sis in the last issue of TARGET COMICS and thought it was wonderful and was waiting for the next issue to come out, but when I bought it, I ran through the pages to find that they had been taken out. This strip is my favorite, and I don't think I'll buy this book again if it's not put back in and please don't take out the Cadet. Our new friend Candid Charlie was lots of fun and I hope I can see it in many issues of TARGET. I didn't enjoy 18 Men and a Boat very much.

Sincerely yours,
Josephine Abraham
Detroit, Michigan

I hope you bought the February issue, Josephine, 'cause Speck, Spot and Sis are back in to stay.

* * * *

Dear Sirs:

Well, you wanted criticism, and here it is. Why does Kit Carter always seem to be saving an invention or someone from losing a lot of money? Why is it every time the Target and Targeteers get through with a fight, they're not even scratched? The same goes for Bull's Eye Bill.

Now here's a little credit. I think the best of your stories are Speck, Spot and Sis, Candid Charlie, and Dan'l Flannel. You asked about the two-page fiction story in the middle of the book. The kind I would like to see would be the mystery kind that

nobody ever finds the answer to.

I have a brother in the Navy and he thinks TARGET COMICS is great the same as I do. The only criticism he has to offer is, "If the crooks know the Target and his pals wear bullet-proof vests, why don't they shoot at his arms or legs?"

Sincerely, a true reader,
Wesley Purple
Greenfield, Mass.

The Target and Targeteers wear bullet-proof suits, Wesley, and their heads are the only danger points when they have them on.

* * * *

Dear Editors:

I have just finished reading the January and February issues of TARGET. My favorites are Cadet, Dan'l Flannel, Speck, Spot and Sis, and the two new features Candid Charlie and 18 Men and A Boat. I have two suggestions to make. First, you could start a club the readers could join; and second, it would be a lot better if you had your heroes fight racketeers instead of Nazis and Japs.

In the January issue Rhoda Zimet said she was never going to buy another issue of TARGET unless it was improved. Well, it doesn't need improving.

Yours truly,
James Pioli
Somerville, Mass.

Some of our heroes do fight racketeers, James, and, after all, heroes are

fighting the Nazis and Japs all over the world today so OUR heroes like to take a crack at them, too.

* * * *

Dear Editor:

My name is Norman Huselton. I like Speck, Spot and Sis and the Chameleon best. I wish you would put Speck, Spot and Sis in their own magazine.

I go to Leechburg Public School and our room, consisting of 34 pupils, has gotten \$243.15 in War Stamps. I am a Jr. Commando and we collected 2500 pounds of paper, 500 pounds of scrap metal, and 2000 pounds of tin cans. Though our town is small, it can still yield a lot of scrap, paper, and Victory Garden food. I think you should have someone else like Speck, Spot and Sis.

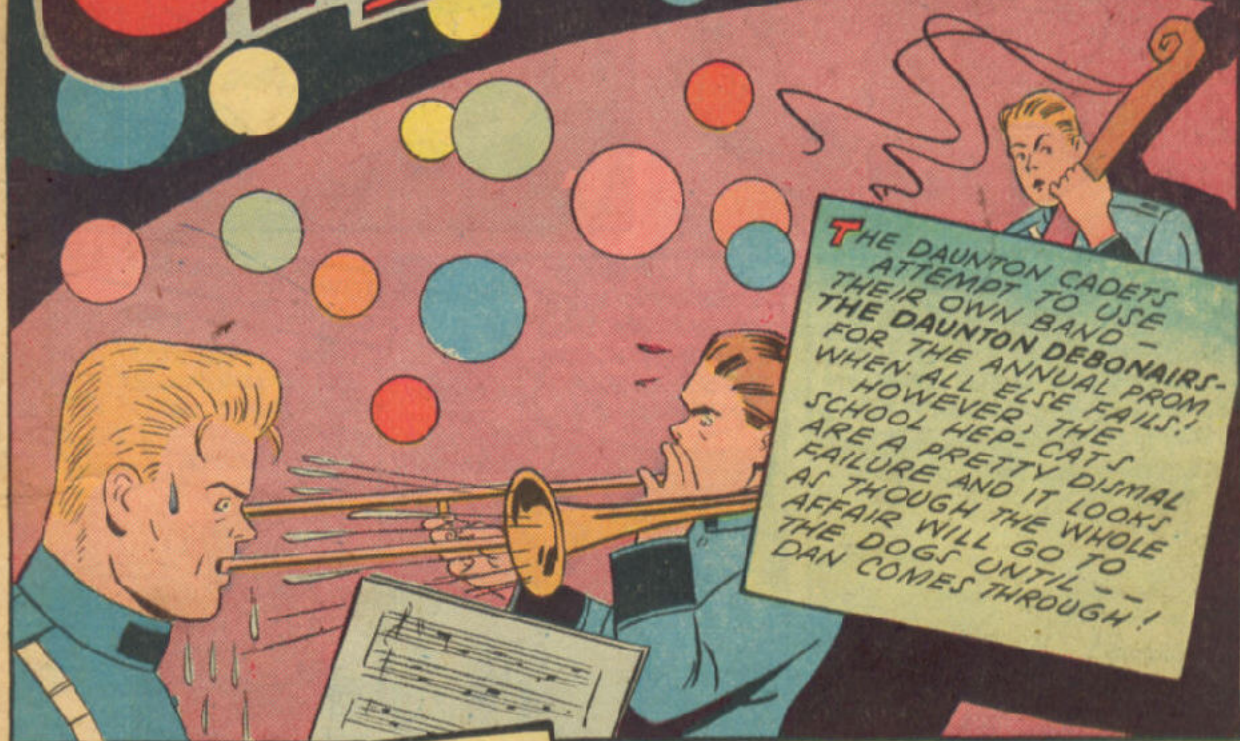
I know you will hardly have time to read my letter, but I hope you have time to read most of it. I want to be a Marine when I grow up. I like Don'l Flannel and Lt. Commander John Morrill pretty well, too.

Yours for TARGET,
Norman Huselton
Leechburg, Pa.

Well, you are one jump ahead of the waste paper drive, Norman, and keep up the good work — lots more paper is needed. As you can see, we did have time to read your letter, and we read ALL the letters that come to TARGET even though it takes many days.

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO TARGET COMICS, 292 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

The CADET



THE UPPERCLASSMEN'S DANCE COMMITTEE MEETS TO MAKE PLANS ...

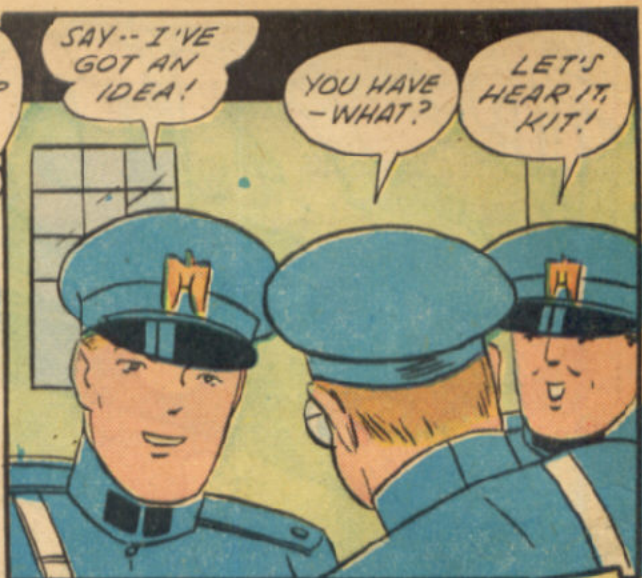
DAN MERRY OUGHT TO BE HERE ANY MINUTE -- HE'S CHECKING UP ON NAT MILLER'S BAND!

WHAT'LL WE DO IF HE CAN'T COME? WE'VE TRIED JUST ABOUT EVERYONE ELSE!

DAN -- WHAT DID HE SAY?

I'M AFRAID I HAVE BAD NEWS, FELLOWS!







THE BOYS AND I HAVE DECIDED WE DON'T WANT YOU TO PLAY AT THE PROM!

BUT-- WHY?



WE'VE BEEN LISTENING TO YOU PRACTICE-- AND IT'S AWFUL!

AW--LISTEN! THIS IS ONLY THE FIRST PRACTICE!



TAKE IT EASY, DAN!

I'D LIKE TO BREAK HIS NECK!

NOW LOOK-- THIS IS FAIR WARNING-- YOU DON'T PLAY FOR THE DANCE!

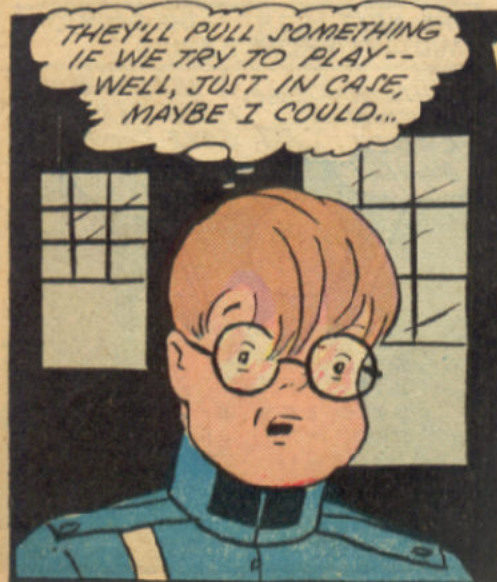


C'MON, BOYS-- THEY KNOW HOW WE FEEL!

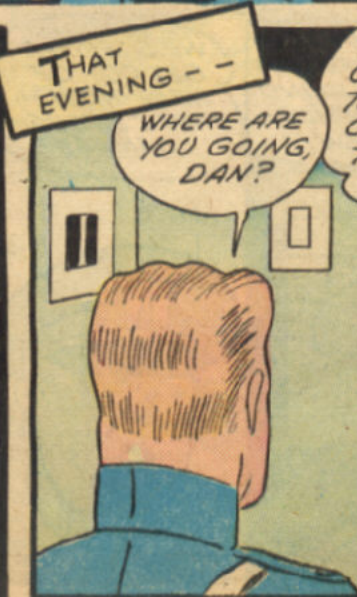


AND, WE'LL MAKE SURE THE DAUNTON DEBONAIRS DON'T PLAY -- IF WE HAVE TO!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, SNEEZER?



THEY'LL PULL SOMETHING IF WE TRY TO PLAY-- WELL, JUST IN CASE, MAYBE I COULD...

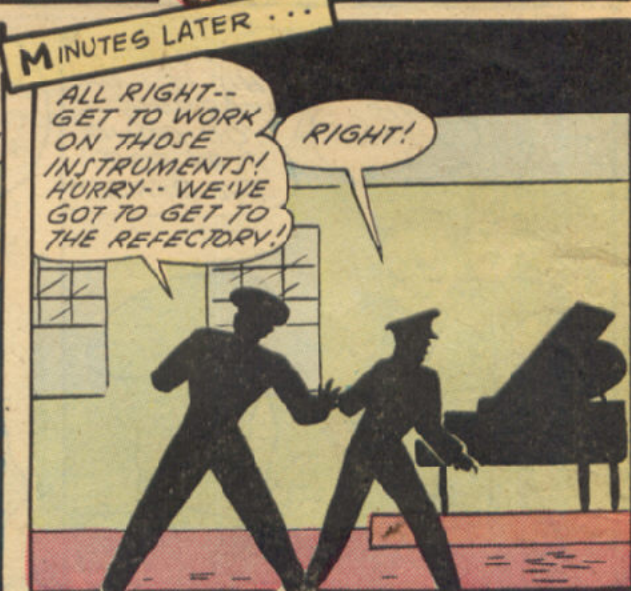
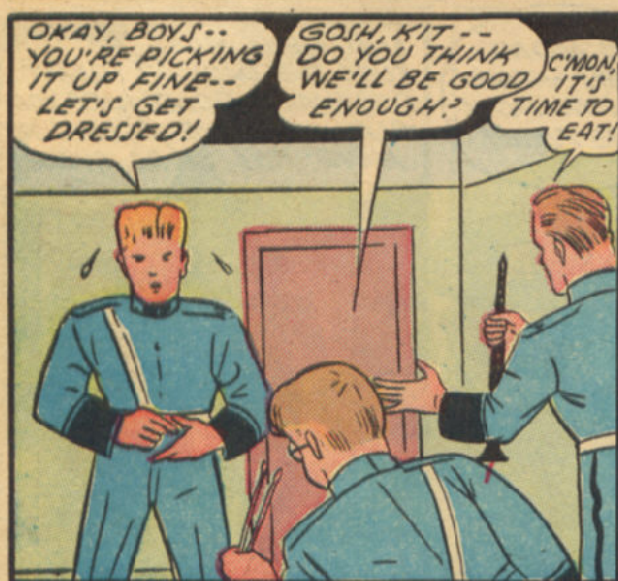


THAT EVENING --

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, DAN?



DAD'S PASSING THROUGH ON HIS WAY TO WASHINGTON! THE COLONEL SAID I COULD MEET HIM AT THE STATION! I'LL BE BACK PRETTY LATE, I GUESS!



MAESTRO KIT CARTER ANNOUNCES THE FIRST NUMBER!

THE DAUNTON DEBONAIRS WILL PLAY "IN THE MOOD".

RAY!

YAY!

BOOO!

O.K., FELLOWS, LET'S SHOW 'EM!

I HOPE...

BUT, IT'S NOT MUSIC THAT COMES FORTH--

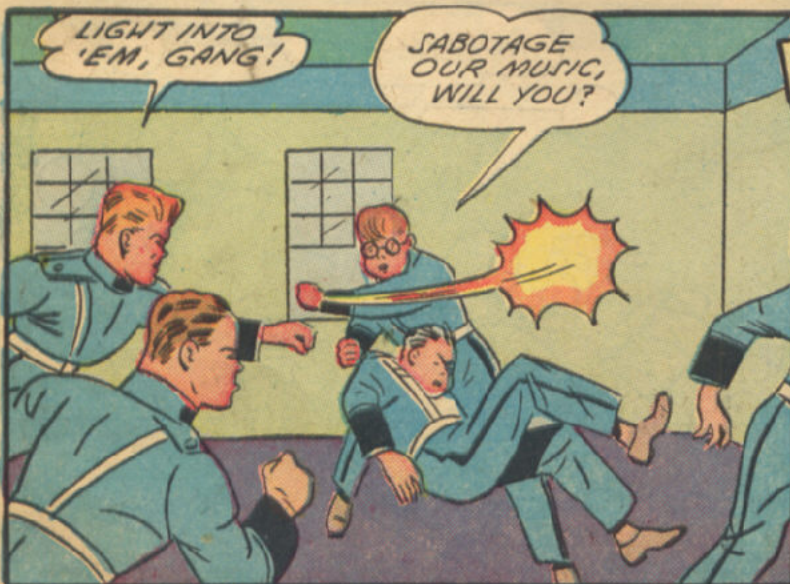
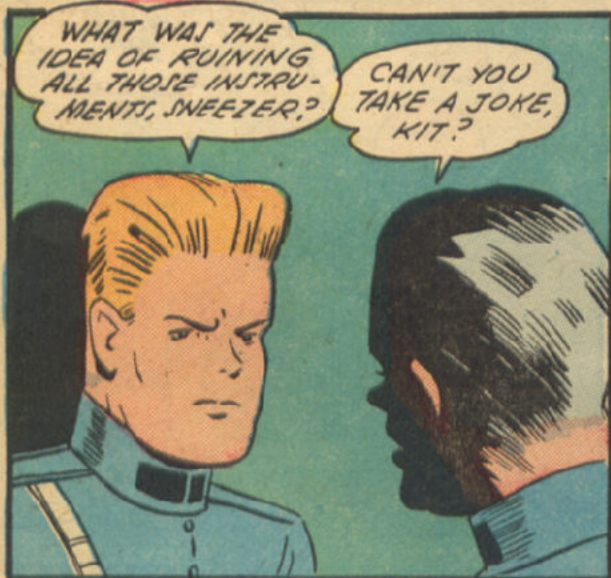
HEY -- MY STICK! IT'S FALLEN APART!

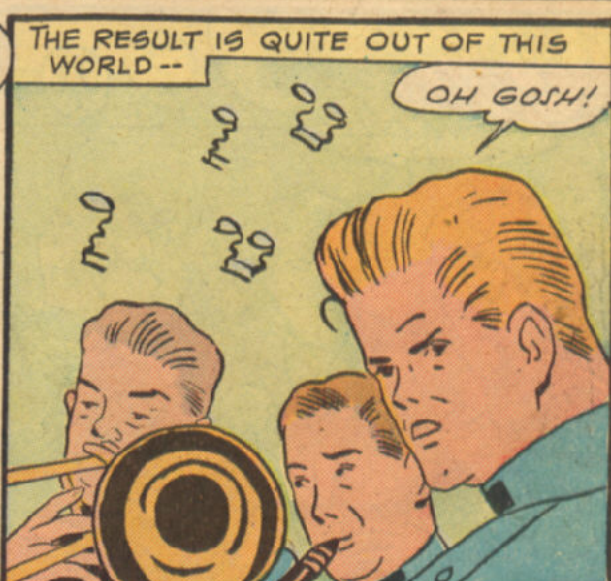
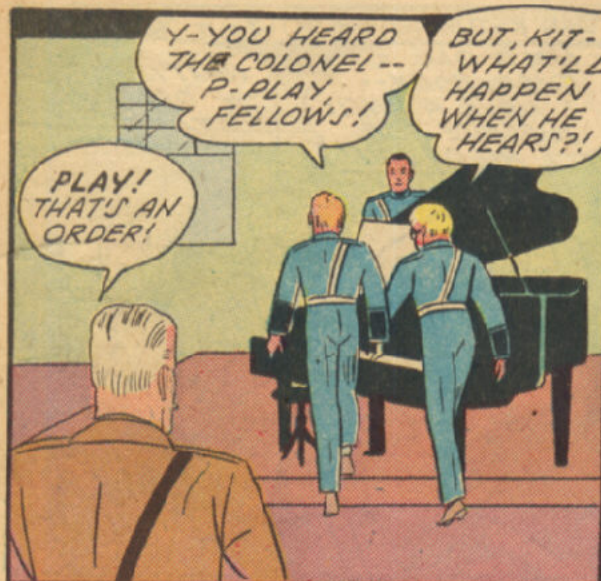
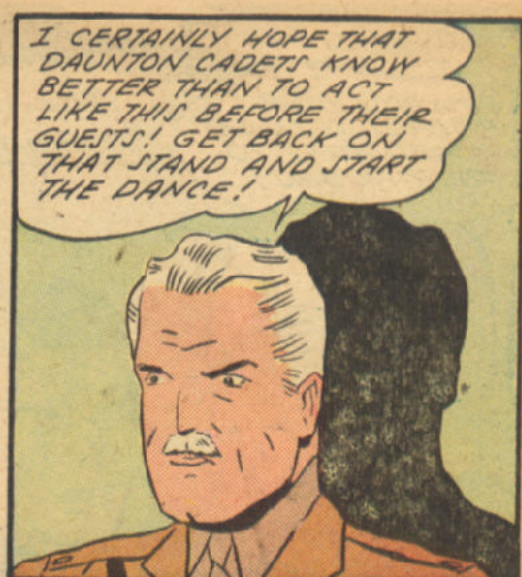
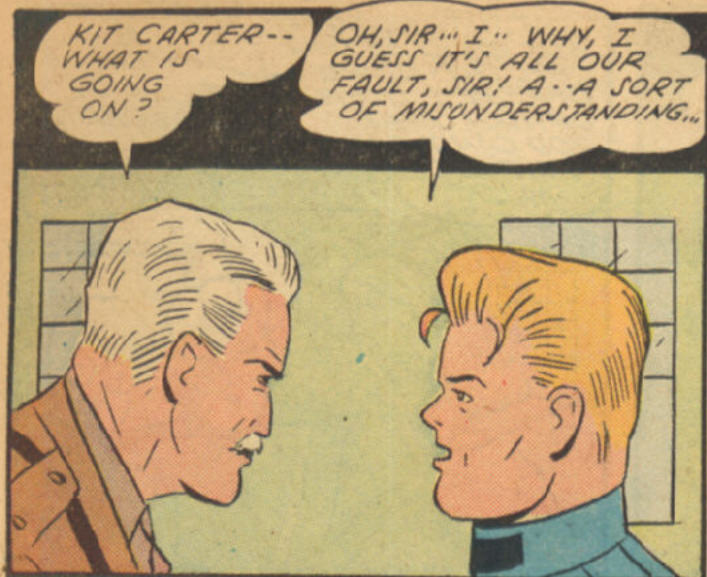
WHAT TH'--

SNEEZER HAS DONE HIS MISCHIEF...

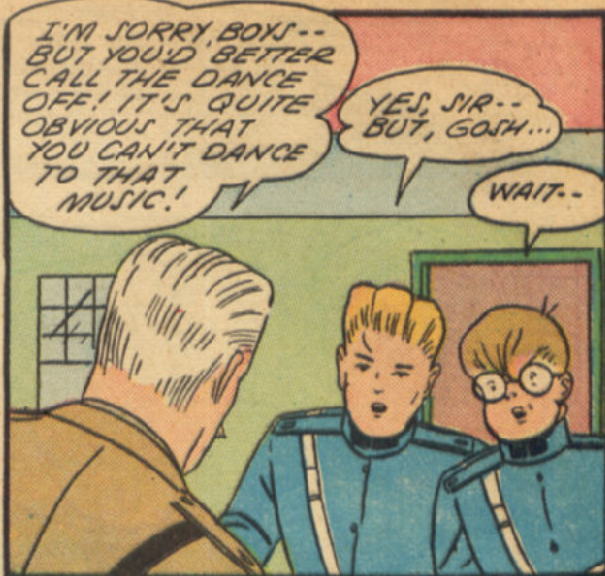
GLUB -- DARN IT!

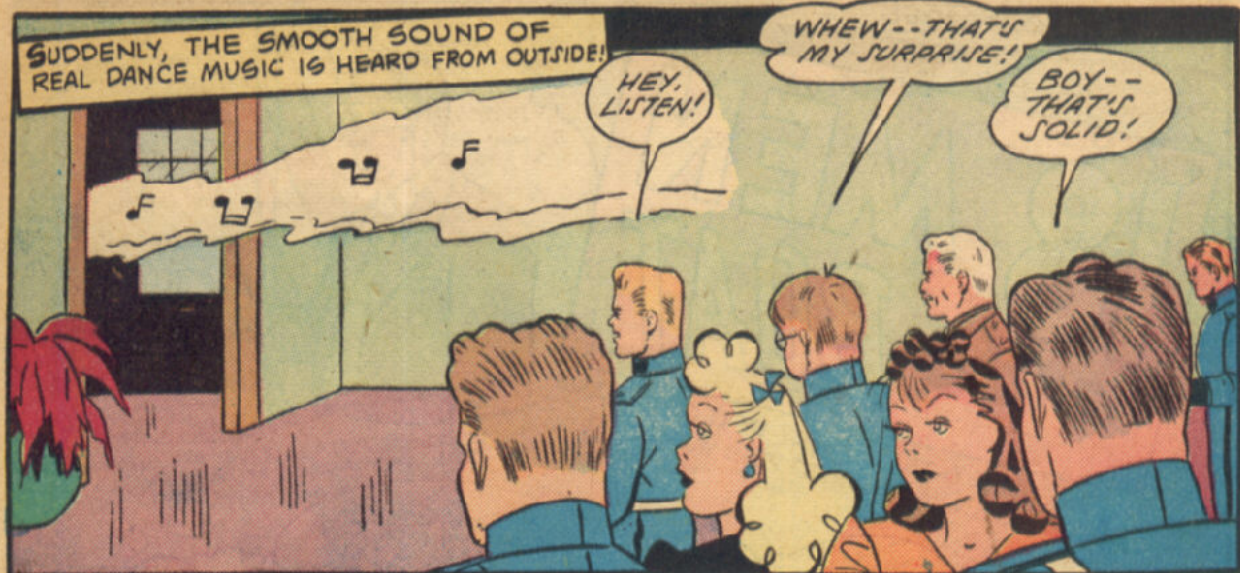
HOW IN -- ??





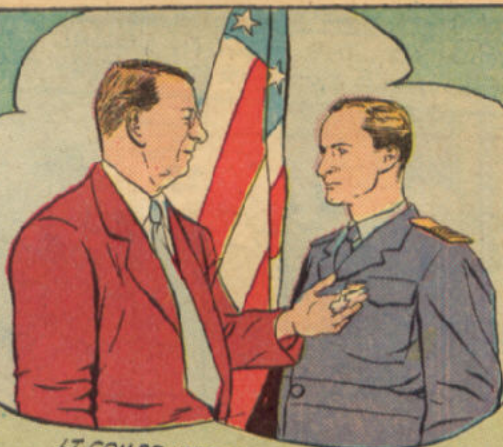
SNEEZER CONFESSES --



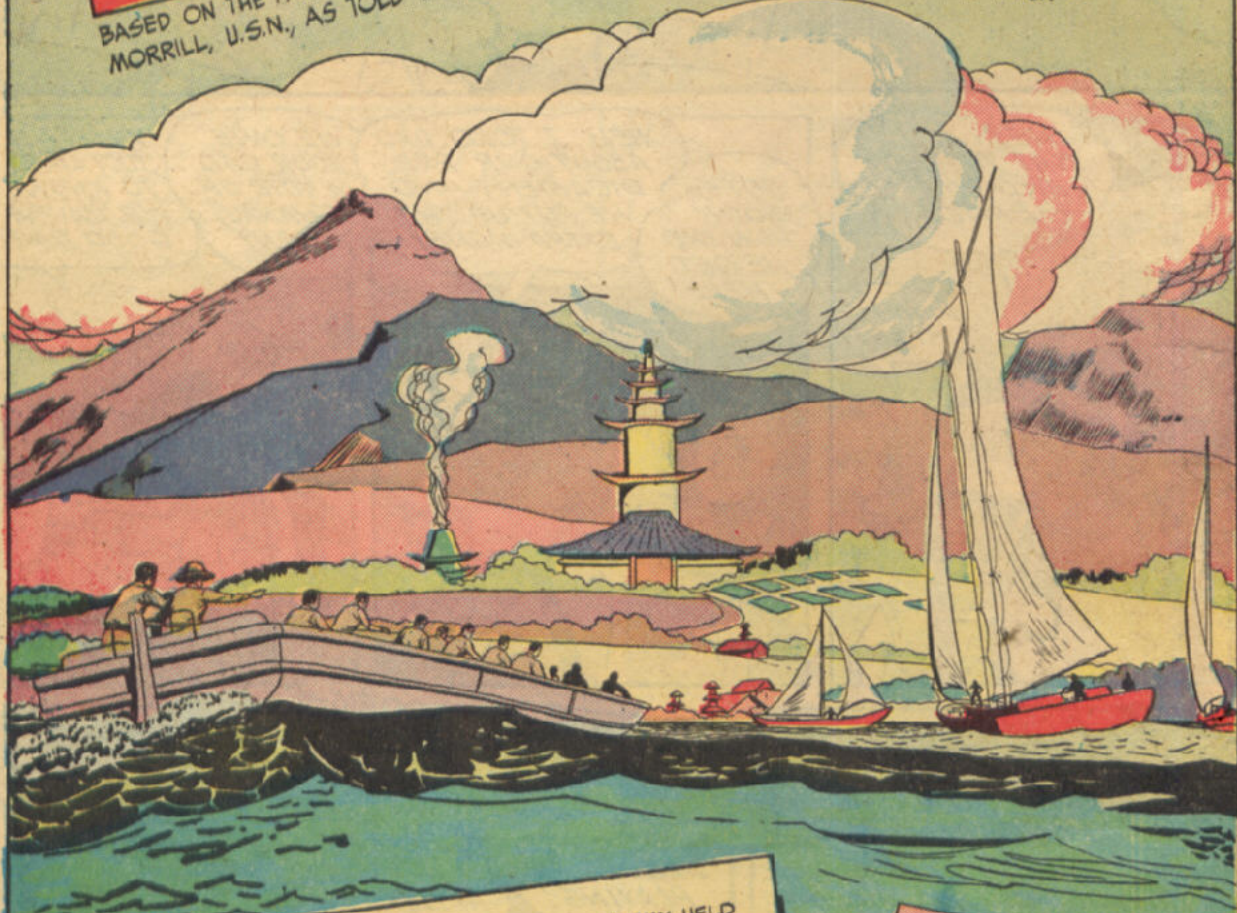


18 MEN and a BOAT

BASED ON THE FACTUAL STORY BY LT. COMDR. JOHN
MORRILL, U.S.N., AS TOLD TO PETE MARTIN ---



LT. COMDR. MORRILL RECEIVING NAVY CROSS
FROM NAVY SECRETARY KNOX ---



FROM THE FALLEN PHILIPPINES THROUGH ENEMY-HELD
WATERS, 18 MEN IN AN OPEN DIESEL BOAT ESCAPE
FROM THE JAPANESE. THEIR FLIGHT TAKES THEM
FROM ISLAND TO ISLAND, AND AMONG COLORFUL EAST
INDIAN SCENES, TO EVENTUAL SAFETY IN AUSTRALIA...
BUT ONLY AFTER INCREDIBLE STRUGGLES WITH THE
SEA AND CLOSE CALLS WITH THE ENEMY ---

THERE IS THE CON-
CLUDING INSTALLMENT
OF LT. COMDR. MORRILL'S
TRUE STORY OF
HEROISM IN THE
PACIFIC ...

TOM
GILL

THE DIESEL BOAT POUNDS SOUTH THROUGH THE INDIES AT NIGHT, THE BOARDS SHUDDERING WITH EACH CRACKING WAVE --

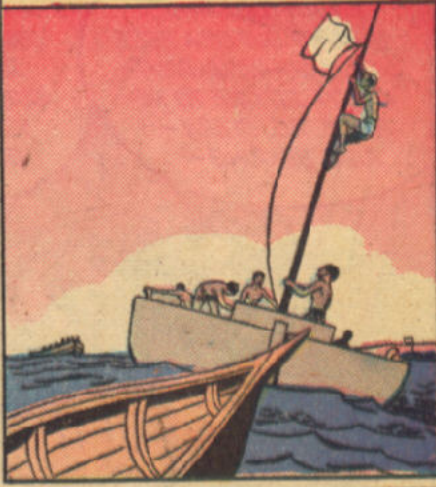


WE CAN GET INTO THE LEE OF THAT ISLAND, CAPTAIN --

THE CHART SAYS IT'S KOER ISLAND, BINKLEY --



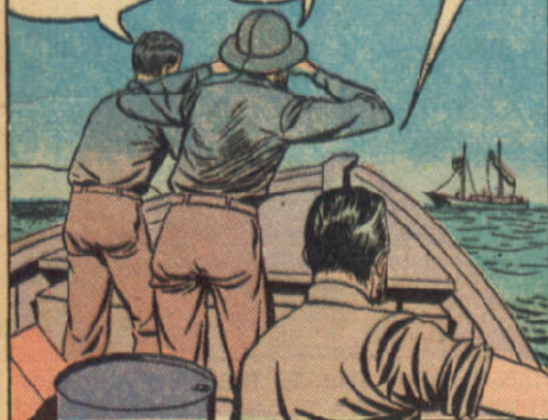
WHITE FLAGS GO UP ALONG THE BEACH AND LUGGERS IN THE HARBOR AS THEY NEAR THE ISLAND --



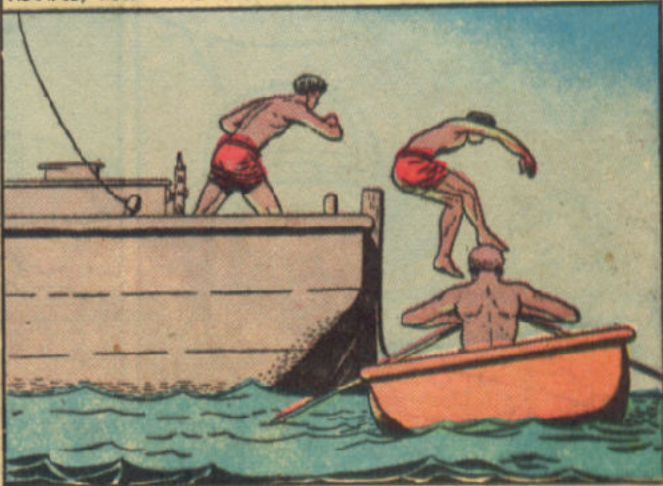
THEY'RE HAULING A JAP FLAG UP ON THAT BIG LUGGER!

THE MEN ON DECK ARE ALL NATIVES --

MAYBE THE JAP CAPTAIN IS HIDING BELOW --



BUT THE NATIVES ARE ONLY TRYING TO FIND THE RIGHT FLAG! THEY RUN OUT OF THEM AS THE DIESEL BOAT NEARS, AND FLEE FOR THE SHORE --



ASHORE, SOME OF THE MEN TALK TO THE LOCAL SCHOOL TEACHER, WHO TRACES THEIR COURSE ON A MAP OF THE AREA - THEY BRING HIM OVER TO MORRILL, AND --



YOU'VE MARKED OFF OUR ROUTE ON HERE -- CALL OFF BREAKFAST AND GET INTO THE BOAT --

THE CAPTAIN IS PLENTY MAD!



NOW THAT WE'VE GIVEN THIS MONKEY OUR TELEPHONE NUMBER AND ADDRESS, WE'VE GOT TO GET ALONG, SEA OR NO SEA!

WHILE THEY SAIL OUT THE DIRTY WEATHER,
RICHARDSON HAS A SUGGESTION--

I WHITTLED THIS
BEARING OUT OF A PIECE
OF LIGNUM-VITAE DRIFT-
WOOD. I'D LIKE TO RE-
PLACE THE STERN-
TUBE BEARING--

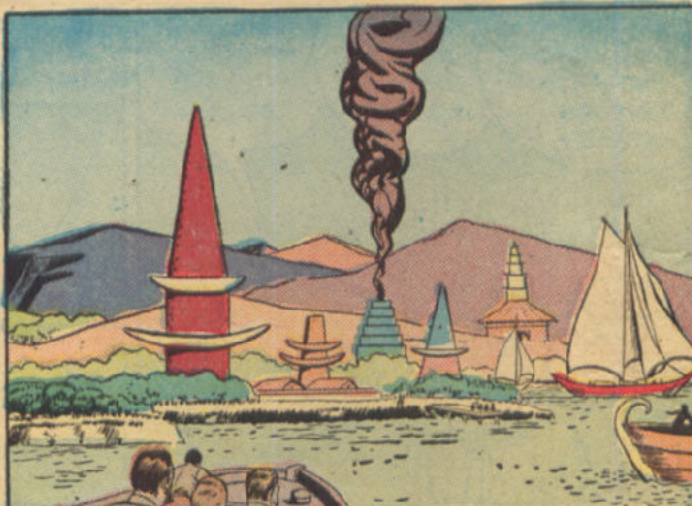
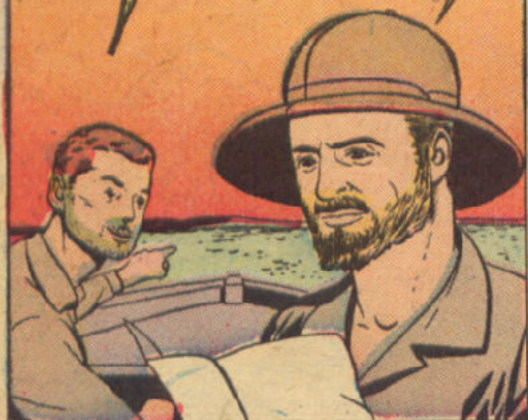
THAT'S A
PRETTY GOOD
RUBBER-
SUBSTITUTE
YOU'VE
GOT!



HIS DONE, AND WITH CALMER SEAS, THEY SAIL
ON. SOMEBODY STRIKES UP A SONG-- AND
ALTHOUGH THE HOWL OF THE WIND AND THE
CHUG OF THE ENGINE DROWN THEM OUT, THEY
TRY TO SHOUT IT DOWN.

DO YOU SEE
WHAT I SEE,
CAPTAIN?

THAT'S TAAM,
A DUTCH EAST IN-
DIAN TOWN--

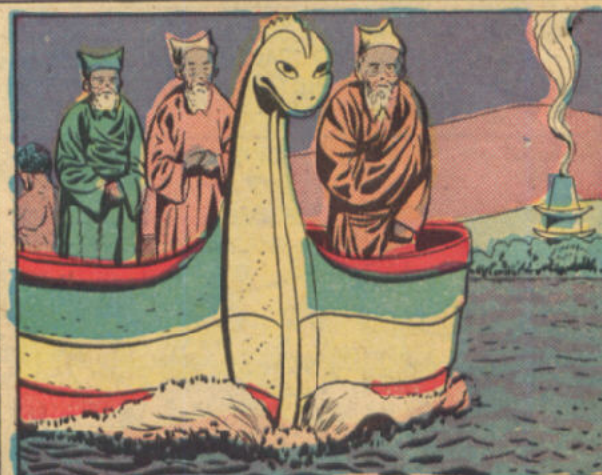


AN INCREDIBLE SIGHT GREETES THEIR EYES-- COLOR-
FUL AND PICTURESQUE, LIKE A TRAVEL FOLDER COVER!

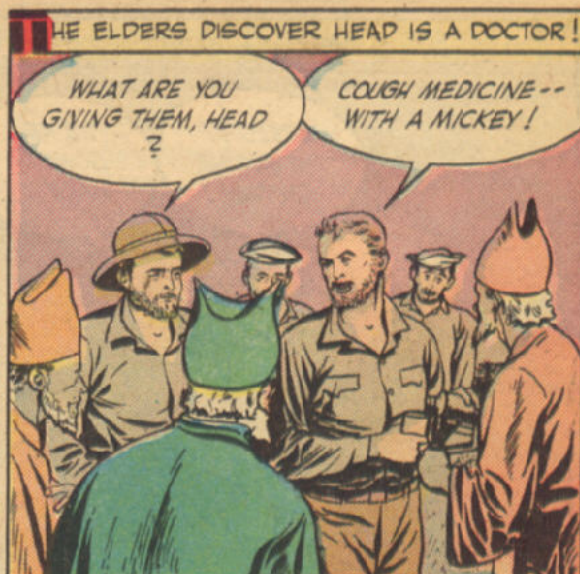
LOOK--
THEY'RE
SALAAMING!

NAH--
THEY WANT
US TO GO
AWAY--

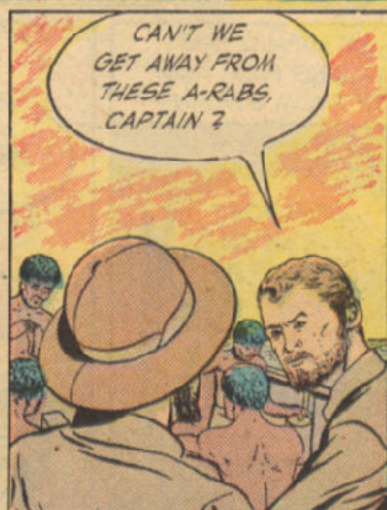
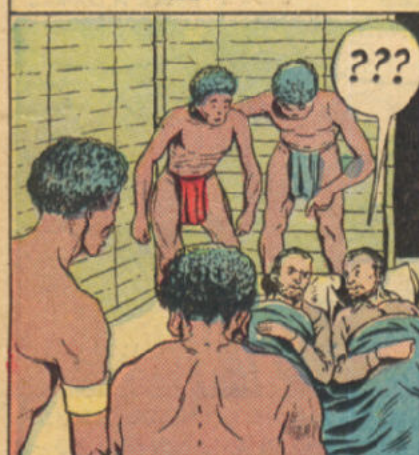
WE'LL
ANCHOR
HERE,
ANYWAY!



AT NIGHT, THE LOOKOUT REPORTS THAT
VISITORS ARE COMING ABOARD-- THE
ELDERS OF THE TOWN.



WHEN THEY FINALLY LAND, A PRIEST INVITES THEM TO SLEEP IN HIS HOUSE, BUT THEY DON'T SLEEP MUCH--



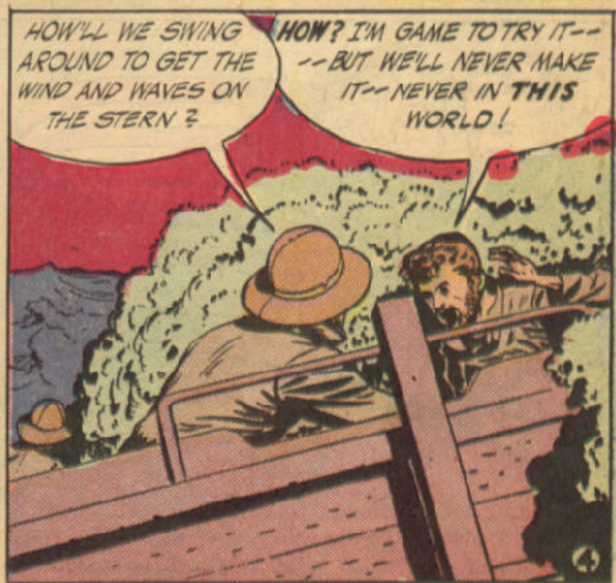
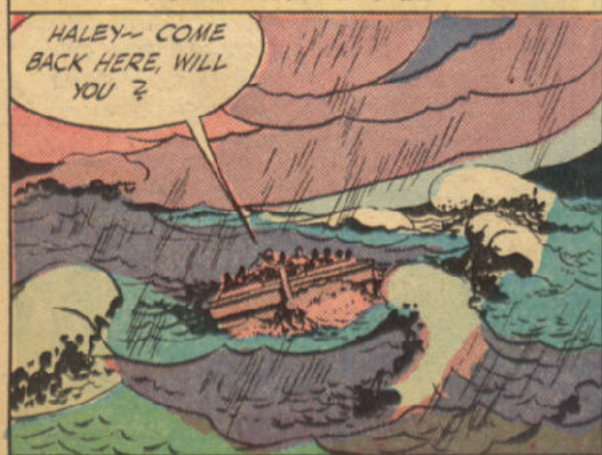
SOON THEY GIVE UP TRYING AND RETURN TO THE BOAT--



AS THEY LEAVE, THE INHABITANTS GO INTO PAROXYSMS OF DELIGHT-- AS A GAG, THEY PRETEND TO RETURN, JUST TO SEE THEIR FACES FALL--

BUT AT LAST THEY ARE ON THEIR WAY ONCE MORE--

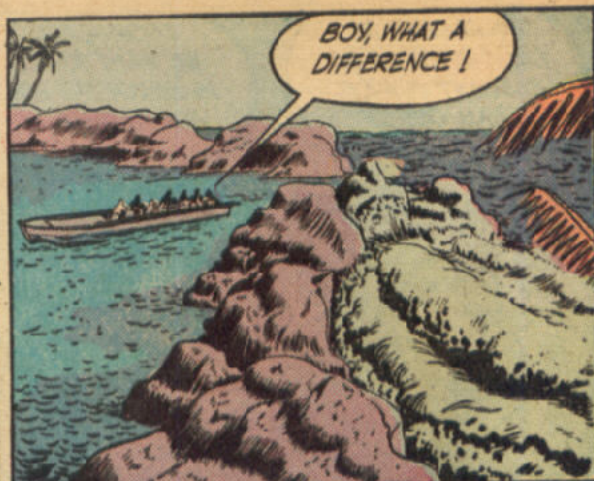
DARK CLOUDS HAVE BEEN STACKING UP FOR SEVERAL HOURS, WHEN THEY ARE SUDDENLY SLAPPED IN THE FACE WITH BLINDING RAIN-- AND MOUNTAINOUS WATERS--



WAITING FOR A LOW WAVE, THEY SWING HARD OVER-

SPEED UP
THE ENGINE,
CAPTAIN!

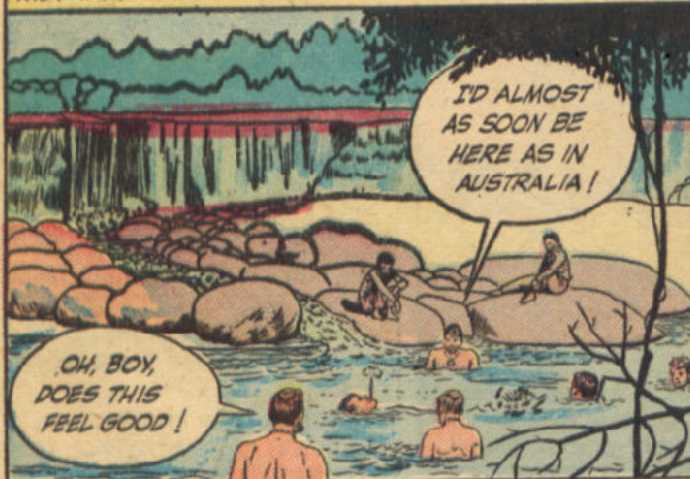
WE'RE
GONNA
MAKE IT!



BOY, WHAT A
DIFFERENCE!

IN THE MORNING THEY SEE MOLOE ISLAND,
AND HIDE ON THE LEE SIDE FROM THE VIOLENCE
OF THE STORM --

BEACHING THE BOAT, THEY FIND A WATERFALL THAT
MAKES THEM A PERFECT PRIVATE SWIMMING POOL, AND
THEY TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE RELIEF FROM STRAIN --



I'D ALMOST
AS SOON BE
HERE AS IN
AUSTRALIA!

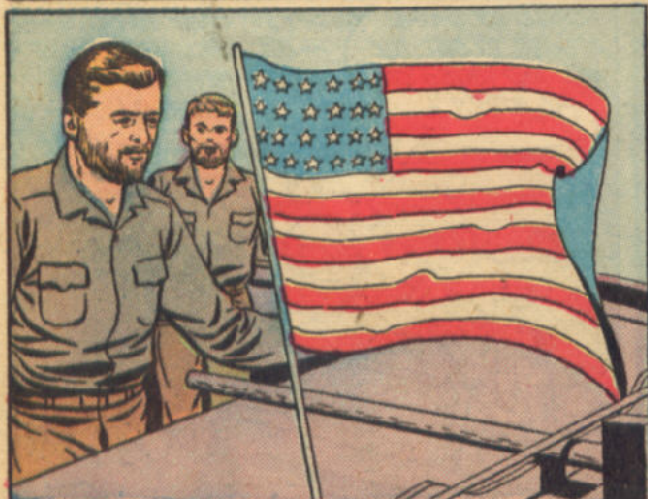
OH, BOY,
DOES THIS
FEEL GOOD!



THERE
GO OUR
BLUE
DUNGAREES!

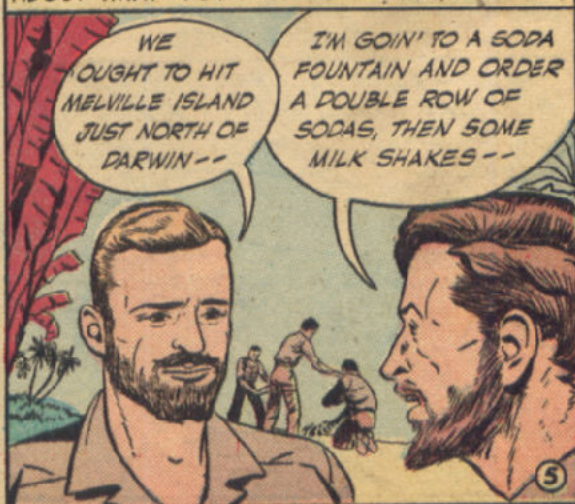
THAT ANTI-
SEPTIC WILL
MAKE A SWELL
RED DYE --

SINCE AUSTRALIA IS SO NEAR, BINKLEY
GETS TO WORK ON AN AMERICAN FLAG --



IT ISN'T MUCH OF A FLAG -- AND IT HAS ONLY ONE
SIDE -- BUT THEY THINK IT IS A SWELL FLAG ...

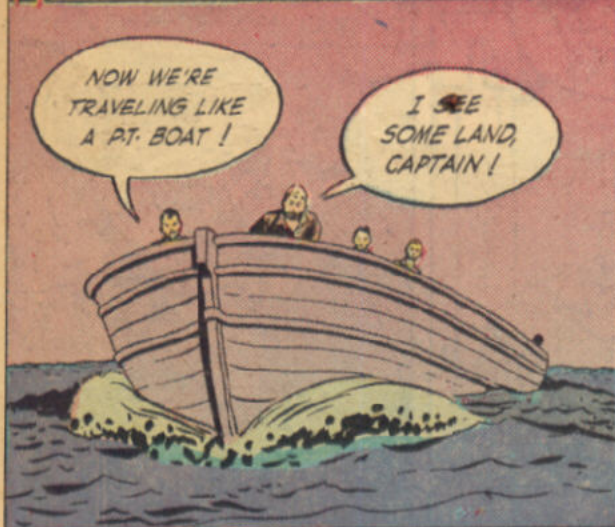
THEY WAIT FOR THE SEAS TO CALM, TALKING
ABOUT WHAT THEY WANT TO DO IN AUSTRALIA!



WE
OUGHT TO HIT
MELVILLE ISLAND
JUST NORTH OF
DARWIN --

I'M GOIN' TO A SODA
FOUNTAIN AND ORDER
A DOUBLE ROW OF
SODAS, THEN SOME
MILK SHAKES --

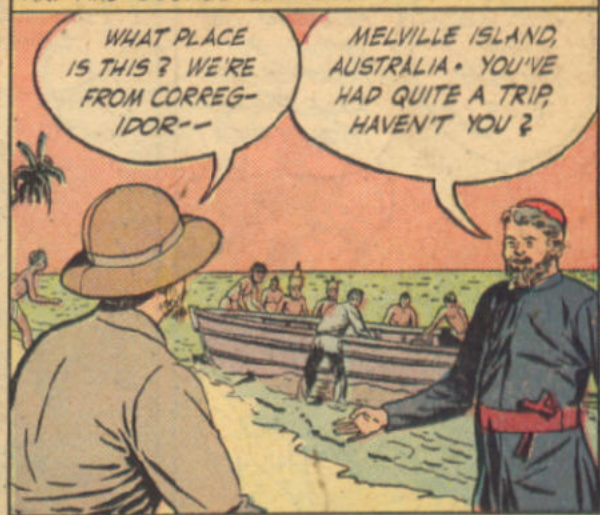
AND SOON THEY'RE SPEEDING ON THE LAST LAP--



NOW WE'RE
TRAVELING LIKE
A PT. BOAT!

I SEE
SOME LAND,
CAPTAIN!

IT IS LAND AND THEY'RE GREETED BY A MISSION-
ARY AND SCORES OF WEIRD NATIVES--



WHAT PLACE
IS THIS? WE'RE
FROM CORREG-
IDOR--

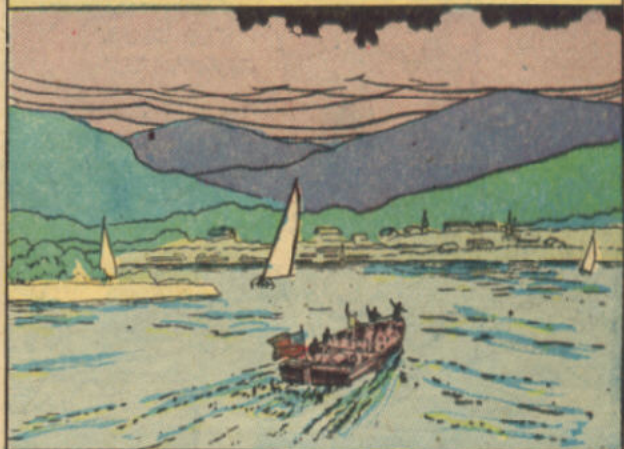
MELVILLE ISLAND,
AUSTRALIA. YOU'VE
HAD QUITE A TRIP,
HAVEN'T YOU?



YEAH--
QUITE A
LITTLE
TRIP!

I'M BROTHER
JOHN. WITH FATHER
O'CONNER, I RUN A
JESUIT MISSION
HERE--

DARWIN IS ONLY FORTY OR FIFTY MILES FUR-
THER, AND THEY REACH IT EXACTLY A MONTH
AFTER THE FALL OF CORREGIDOR-- CLIMAXING
THIRTY EXCITING DAYS AT SEA--



WHEN THEY GET TO MELBOURNE, THEY DECIDE TO EAT-- BUT GOOD!



WE'LL HAVE
WHAT'S ON THIS
PAPER--

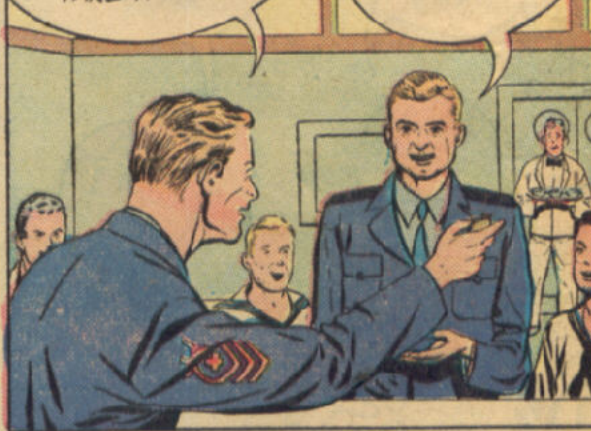
ALL OF
IT!



A WEEK LATER, THEY HEAR THAT 13 ARE TO REPORT FOR ACTIVE DUTY, SO THEY HOLD A FAREWELL DINNER • HEAD SPEAKS --



AW, SHUCKS, I CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT I WAS GOING TO SAY • HERE, SKIPPER, TAKE IT --



THESSE MEN DON'T MAKE SPEECHES -- THEY'RE GOING BACK TO THE DRUMMING GUNS OF BATAAN ONE OF THESE DAYS •

THEY WANT NOTHING MORE THAN TO GO BACK AND TEAR DOWN THE PRISON GATES OF CORREGIDOR AND HAUL DOWN THE RED-BALL FLAGS OVER WAKE AND GUAM •

RIGHT NOW LT. CMDR. MORRILL IS ASSIGNED TO A SHIP IN ACTION -- SO LOOK OUT, TOJO !

The End

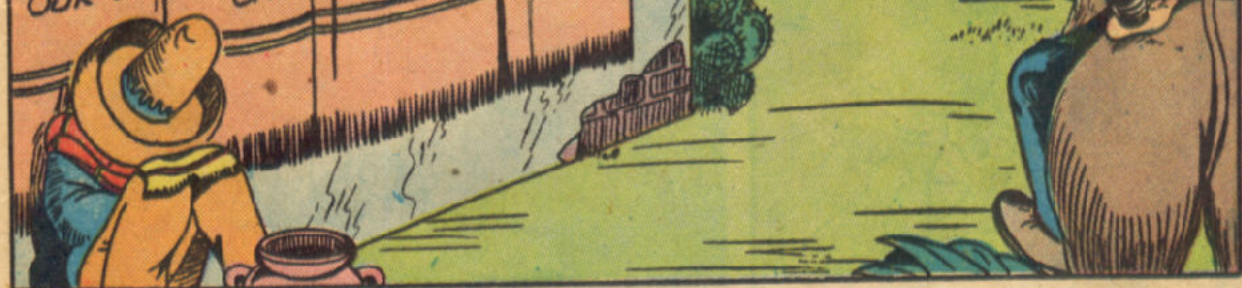
CANDID

Charlie

By B. Gordon Guth

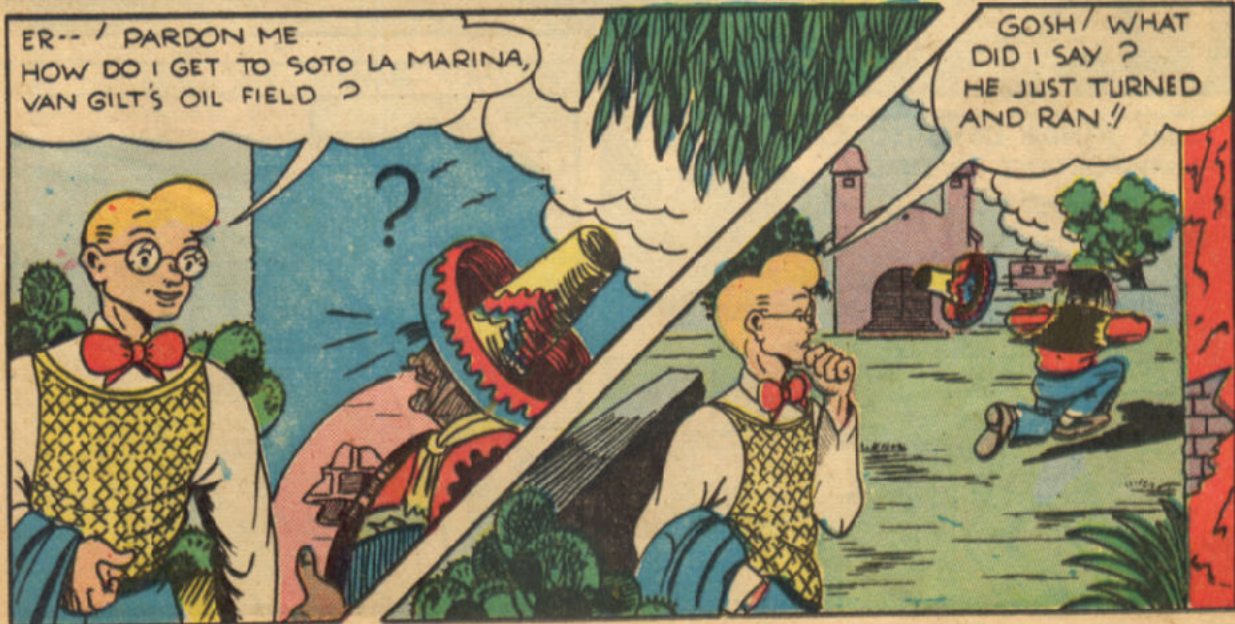
MEXICO!
AT LAST MY TROUBLE'S
ARE OVER!! I HOPE!

FOR SOMETIME CHARLIE HAS BEEN TRYING TO GET TO MEXICO ON A MISSION TO INVESTIGATE SABOTAGE AT MR. VAN GILT'S OIL FIELD. HE STARTED ON A TRAIN, BUT BECAUSE OF SOME STARTLING ADVENTURES, TRAVELED BY BOAT, HORSE AND AUTOMOBILE... NOW AS OUR STORY UNFOLDS WE FIND OUR HERO HAS FINALLY ARRIVED ON A DONKEY.



ER-- / PARDON ME
HOW DO I GET TO SOTO LA MARINA,
VAN GILT'S OIL FIELD?

GOSH / WHAT
DID I SAY?
HE JUST TURNED
AND RAN!!



CHARLIE WALKS TO THE END OF THE TOWN, AND AS LUCK WILL HAVE IT FINDS A SIGNPOST.

THAT'S THE DIRECTION, BUT HOW TO GET THERE?



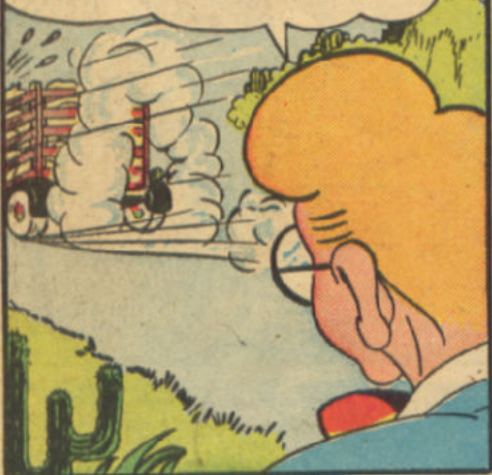
THIS SHOULD WORK IN MEXICO. I HOPE !!



SAY! WILL YA GIVE ME A LIFT TO THE VAN GILT OIL FIELD?

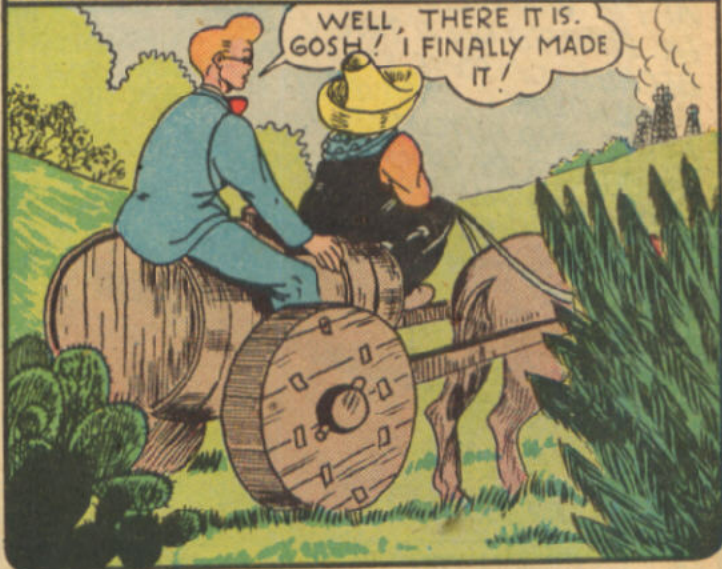


HEY! THIS IS GETTING SERIOUS! WHY DOES EVERYBODY JUMP WHEN I MENTION VAN GILT OIL FIELD..? MAYBE THE PLACE IS HAUNTED OR SOMETHING?



CHARLIE FINALLY GOT A LIFT FROM A PEON WHO COULDN'T UNDERSTAND ENGLISH

WELL, THERE IT IS. GOSH! I FINALLY MADE IT!



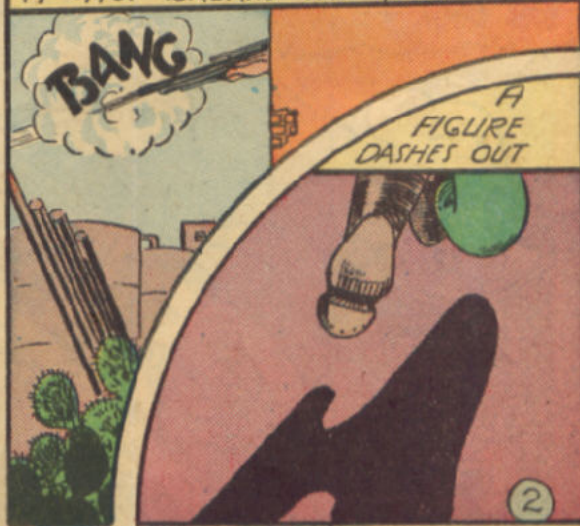
LOOKS KINDA DESERTED FOR AN IMPORTANT OIL FIELD!



A SHOT BREAKS THE QUIET

BANG

A FIGURE DASHES OUT





OH! THIS IS TERRIBLE!

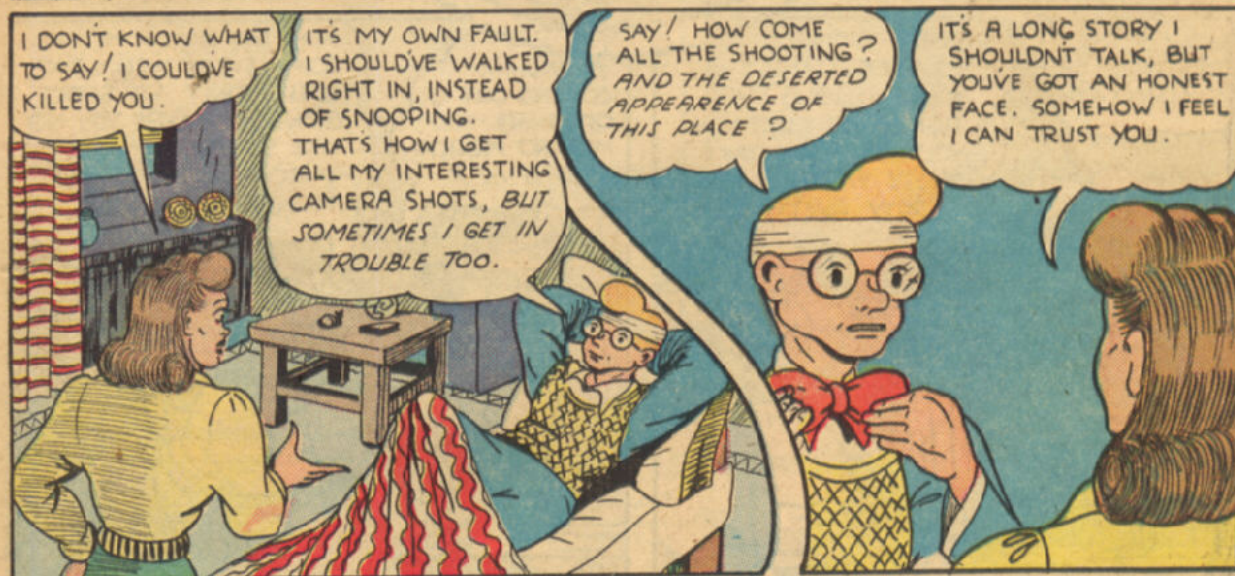


CHARLIE IS CARRIED INSIDE.

CAREFUL! PEDRO

I MUST BE IN HEAVEN. GEE! WHAT A PRETTY ANGEL.

LUCKY THAT SHOT JUST GRAZED YOUR HEAD. HOW DO YOU FEEL?

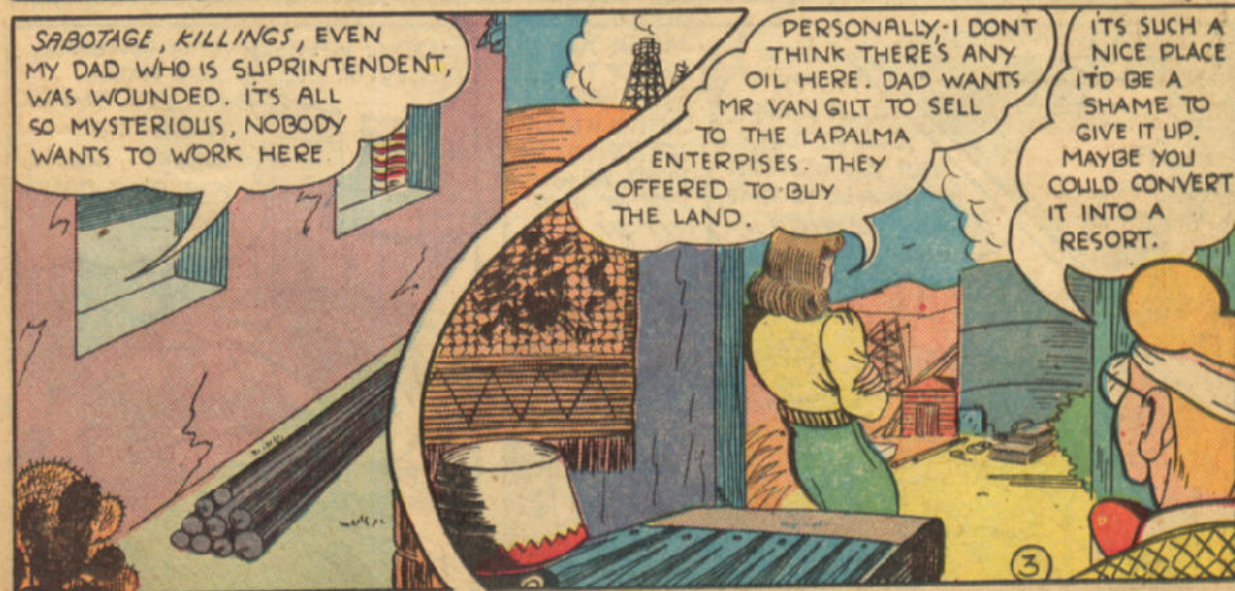


I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY! I COULDN'T KILLED YOU.

IT'S MY OWN FAULT. I SHOULD'VE WALKED RIGHT IN, INSTEAD OF SNOOPING. THAT'S HOW I GET ALL MY INTERESTING CAMERA SHOTS, BUT SOMETIMES I GET IN TROUBLE TOO.

SAY! HOW COME ALL THE SHOOTING? AND THE DESERTED APPEARANCE OF THIS PLACE?

IT'S A LONG STORY I SHOULDN'T TALK, BUT YOU'VE GOT AN HONEST FACE. SOMEHOW I FEEL I CAN TRUST YOU.



SABOTAGE, KILLINGS, EVEN MY DAD WHO IS SUPRINTENDENT, WAS WOUNDED. IT'S ALL SO MYSTERIOUS, NOBODY WANTS TO WORK HERE

PERSONALLY, I DON'T THINK THERE'S ANY OIL HERE. DAD WANTS MR VAN GILT TO SELL TO THE LAPALMA ENTERPRISES. THEY OFFERED TO BUY THE LAND.

IT'S SUCH A NICE PLACE IT'D BE A SHAME TO GIVE IT UP. MAYBE YOU COULD CONVERT IT INTO A RESORT.

LET'S GO OVER AND TAKE A PEEK AT LA PALMA

I'VE GOT TO GET THAT OIL LAND MY GOVERNMENT NEEDS ALL THE OIL AVAILABLE. IT CAN'T WAIT MUCH LONGER.

SI, SI, SENOR WE ARE DOING OUR BEST. A FEW MORE WEEKS AND THESE AMERICANOS WILL GIVE UP.

A FEW DAYS LATER WE FIND CHARLIE DOING A LITTLE PEEKING

THE SENOR, HE LIKES TO TAKE PRETTY PICTURES YES? YOU TAKE JOSE PICTURE NO..?

I ER! ---- OH! YES SURE, I'LL TAKE YOUR PICTURE.



HOW IS THE RUBBER BUSINESS-?

RUBBER-AMIGO? I NO UNDERSTAND? WE TOUGH FELLOWS. WE FIGHT, BUT I LIKE YOU. YOU O.K. - YOU TAKE THESE PICTURES, MAKE PLENTY PRETTY!

THAT MAN COMING OUT OF THERE---! HE'S NO MEXICAN WHO IS HE?

HIM BIG BOSS-- HE COME EVERY WEEK. PAY LOTS MONEY. WE SHOOT GRINGOS- MAYBE YOU NO LIKE SOMEBODY, I CUT THROAT, NICE JOB, NO MONEY, I LIKE YOU!!



LATER BACK AT THE OIL FIELD

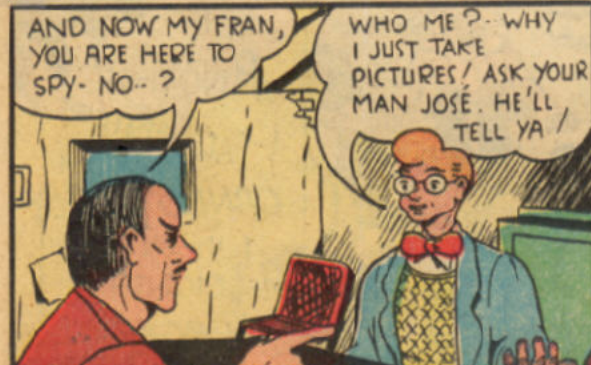
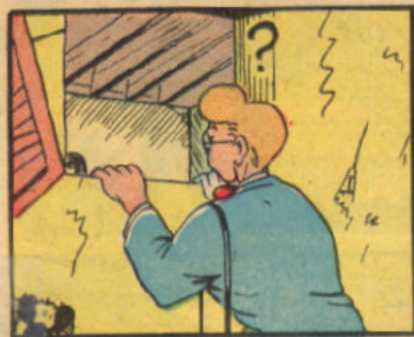
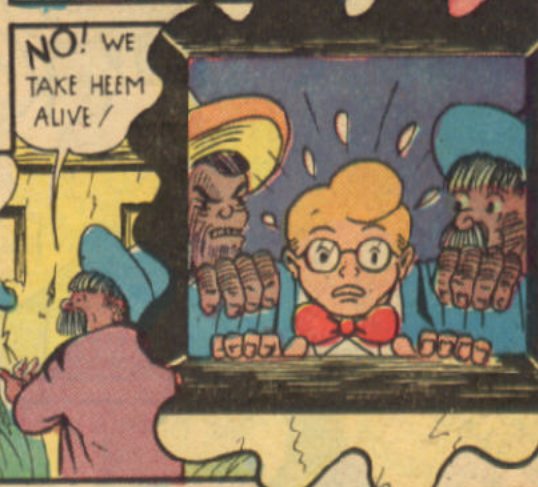
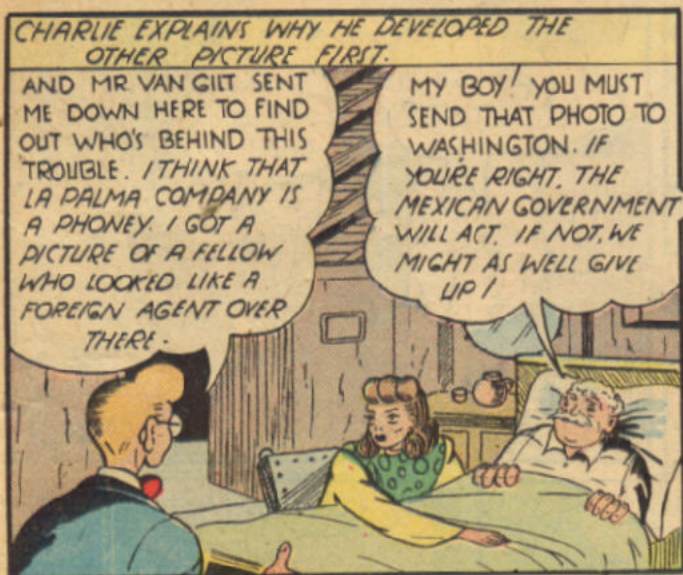
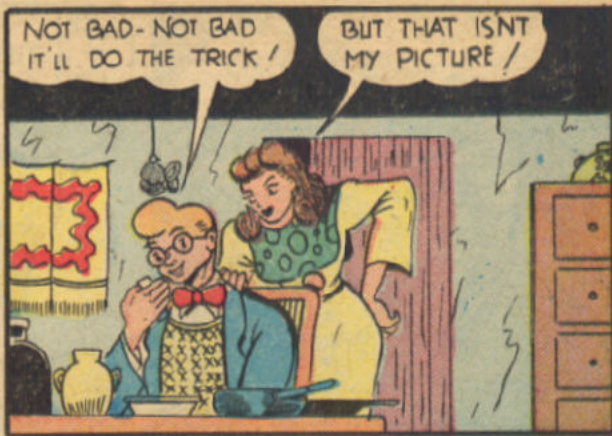
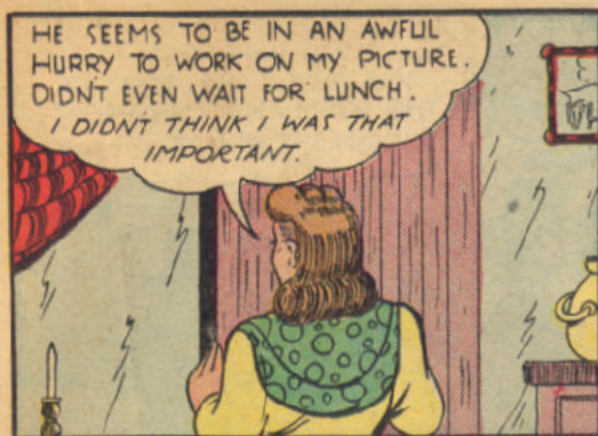
VERY PRETTY. I JUST SNAPPED YOUR PICTURE, BUT YOU WON'T SEE IT FOR A LONG TIME, I CAN'T DEVELOP IT!

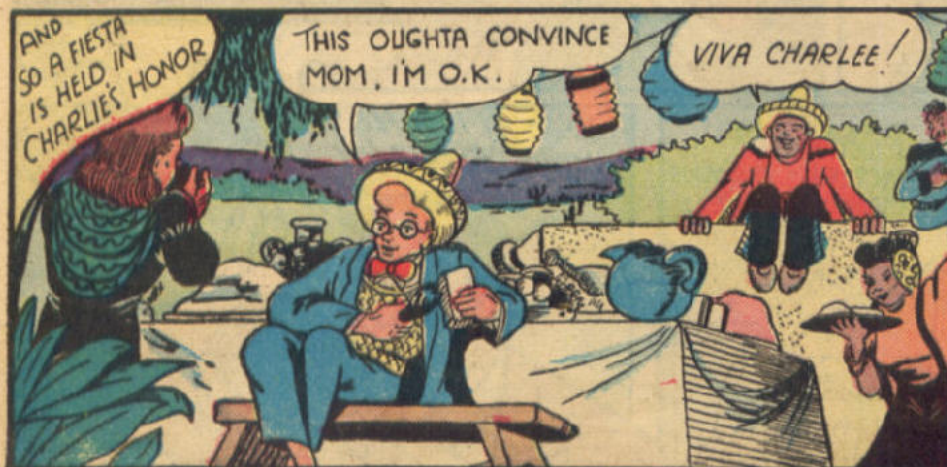
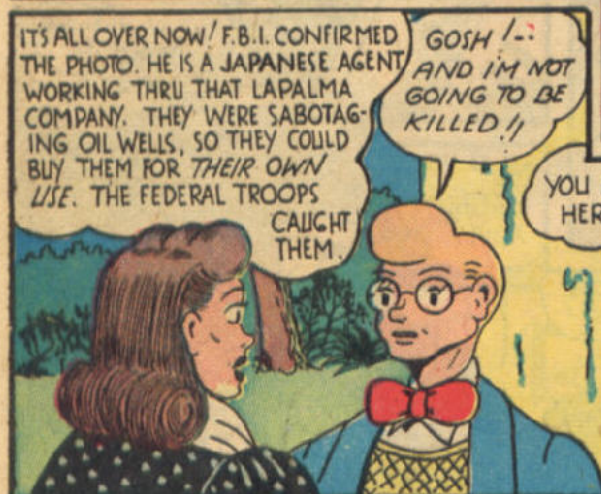
MAYBE YOU CAN ONE OF THE BOYS HAD A CAMERA AND A LOT OF EQUIPMENT HE WAS SHOT AT, AND LEFT IN A HURRY.

LOOK! WHAT'S THIS-?

M Q DEVELOPER, ACID FIXING POWDER, PRINTING FRAME - THE WORKS! NOW FOR SOME PANS AND BOTTLES.







THE TARGET and the TARGETEERS



IF THERE'S ANYTHING THAT WILL BOOST A FIGHTING MAN'S MORALE, IT'S A LETTER FROM HOME! SO WHEN NAZI SABOTEURS GET A NEW TWIST ON SABOTAGE, IT TAKES THE TARGET AND TARGETEERS TO DELIVER THE MAIL!

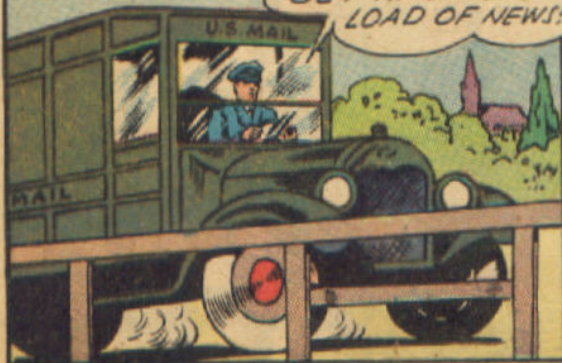


Mrs. Nellie Brown
1687 John St.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

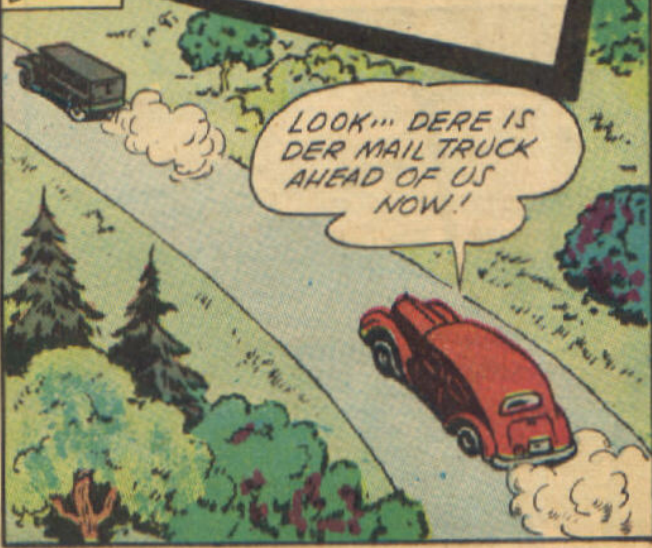
Pvt. Herman Brown
North Africa

A MAIL TRUCK STARTS OUT FOR AN EASTERN EMBARKATION PORT TO RELAY A CARGO OF LETTERS...

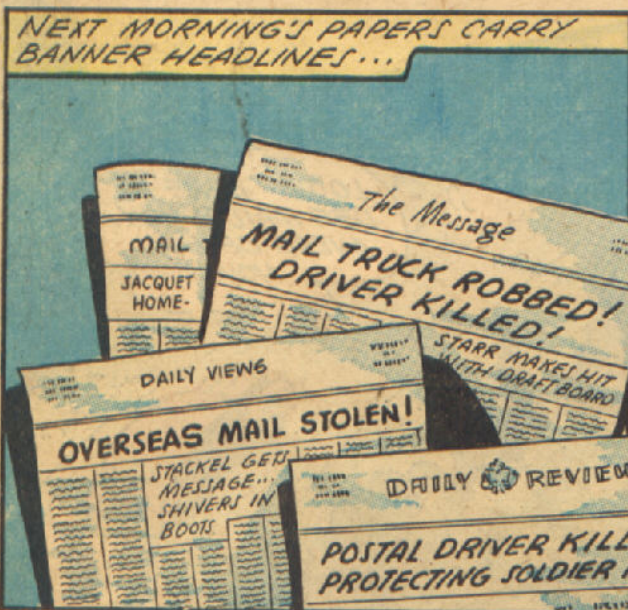
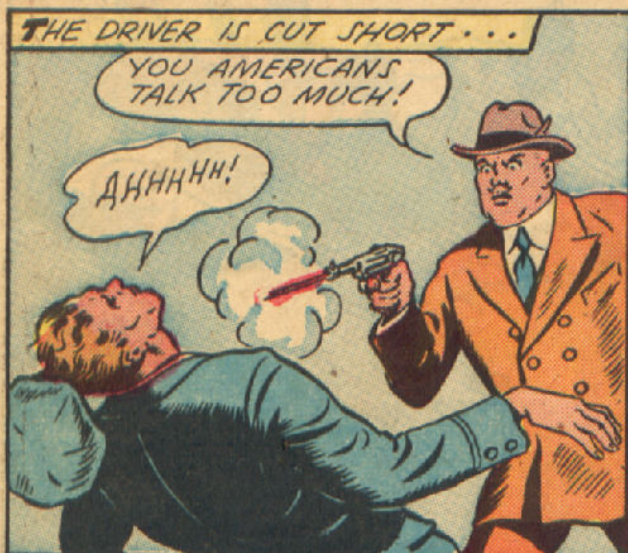
WELL, WON'T BE LONG UNTIL OUR BOYS ON THE FIGHTING FRONT GET ANOTHER LOAD OF NEWS!



BUT...



LOOK!!! DERE IS DER MAIL TRUCK AHEAD OF US NOW!



I SUPPOSE YOU'VE READ ABOUT THE MAIL ROBBERY?

SURE -- BUT, WHAT HAS THAT TO DO WITH MILITARY INTELLIGENCE?

WELL, THE FACT THAT IT WAS OVERSEAS MAIL HAS AROUSED OUR SUSPICIONS --- BESIDES THE INDIGNATION OF THE ENTIRE AMERICAN PUBLIC!

OH, YOU THINK THIS MAY BE AN ATTEMPTON THE MORALE -- MMH!

THAT'S IT, NILES! THE LONGER YOU CONSIDER IT, THE MORE IT SEEMS LIKE A NAZI IDEA! AT ANY RATE, WE WANT TO BE SURE NO MORE SOLDIER MAIL IS LOST!

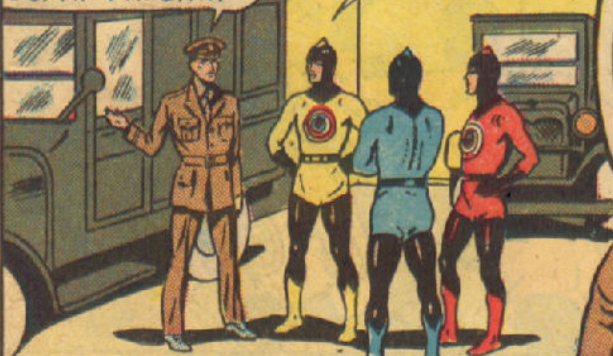
THE FOLLOWING DAY, TARGET AND TARGETEERS GO TO WORK!

THIS TRUCK IS TO BE USED AS A DECOY... IT'S LOADED WITH SCRAP PAPER...

OKAY, MAJOR... JUST LET THOSE GUYS TRY IT AGAIN!

WELL, GOOD LUCK, BOYS!

THANK YOU, SIR... WE'LL REPORT SOON AS WE CAN!



BOY, I WON'T CARE WHETHER THOSE GUYS ARE NAZIS OR CROOKS --- I JUST WANT TO LAY INTO THEM!

I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN, DAVE!

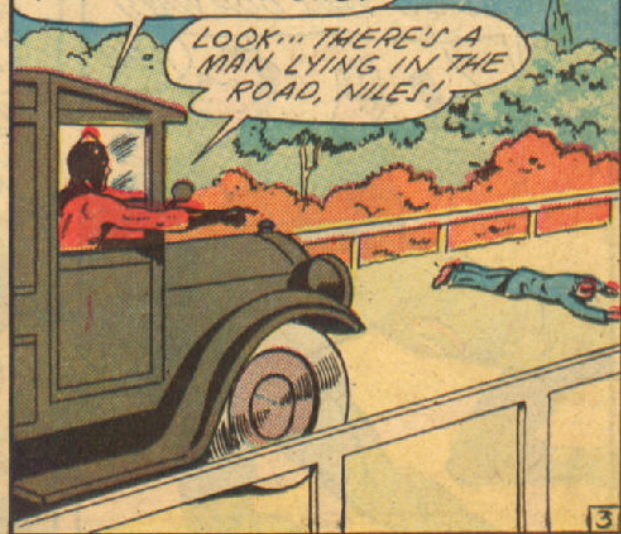
WELL, MAYBE YOU'LL GET YOUR CHANCE!

U.S. MAIL



SUDDENLY, TOM JERKS ON THE BRAKES! HEY... WHAT'S WRONG?

LOOK... THERE'S A MAN LYING IN THE ROAD, NILES!





WATCH YOUR STEP, FELLOWS... THIS MIGHT BE A TRAP!

WE'LL SOON SEE!

HMM-- DOESN'T LOOK AS THOUGH THERE'S ANYTHING WRONG WITH HIM! GUESS I WAS RIGHT ABOUT THIS BEING A...

TARGET IS SUDDENLY INTERRUPTED - - -

TR-- UHH!



HA!
HA!



GET DOSE MEN!

THIS IS IT, BOYS-- HERE COME THE STOOGES!



THIS IS FROM ALL THE BOYS WHO CAN'T DELIVER IT PERSONALLY!

SPECIAL DELIVERY, FOR YOU, PAL!



OH... PLANNING TO PLAY WITH FIRE, EH? WELL, JUST DROP IT! WE'LL DO THIS OUR WAY!

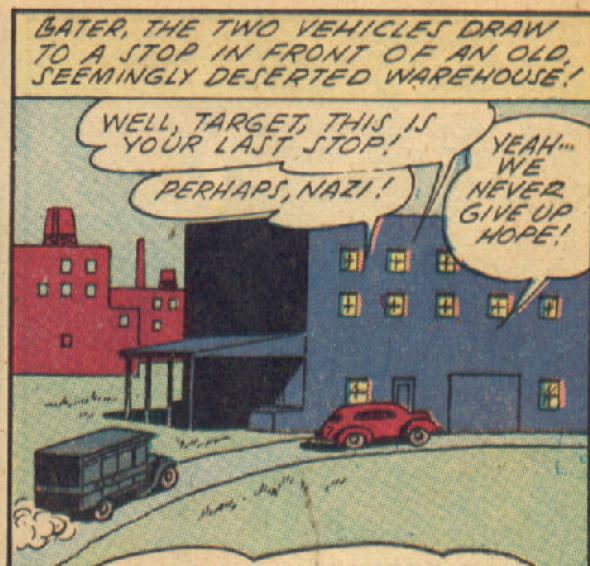
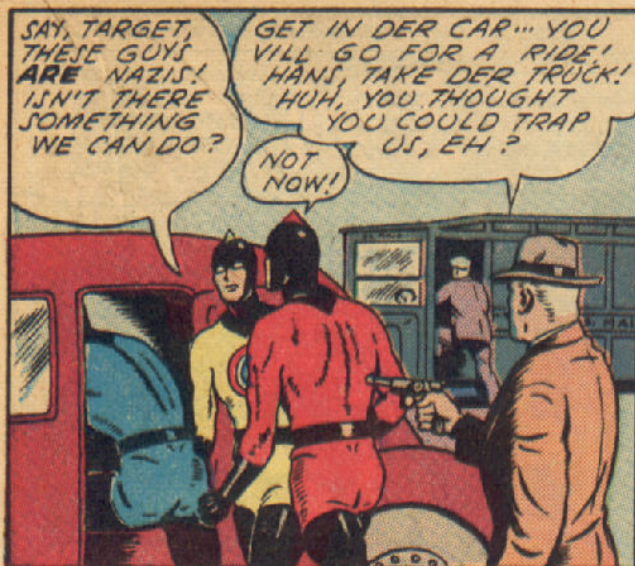
ACH!



AT THIS MOMENT, THE NAZI LEADER STEPS FORWARD INTO THE ROAD...

SHTOP OR I KILL DER TARGET. I KNOW DAT VUN BULLET THROUGH DER HEAD VILL FINISH HIM OFF!

OKAY, WE'LL LET UP! NOW WHAT?



BUT, THE NAZI LEADER, HAVING FOUND A SYSTEM THAT WORKED ONCE, TRIES IT AGAIN...

WHEN YOU KNOW HOW TO SHOOT DER TARGET, IT IS EASY! DIS TIME YOU DIE!

UH-OH-- HOLD IT, BOYS! HE'S DONE IT AGAIN!



SHOOT DEM-- KILL DEM! I MUST NOT BE CAUGHT!

YOU'VE COMMITTED YOUR LAST MURDER!



YUP... TAKE A NAZI'S GUN AWAY AND HE'S A CINC H FOR AN UPPERCUT!

THAT IS WHAT I WOULD CALL A NICE JOB OF CLEANING UP! BUT, YOU SURE TOOK A CHANCE!

OH, WE MANAGE PRETTY WELL -- INCIDENTALLY THAT MAIL TRUCK SHOULD BE ALL THE EVIDENCE YOU NEED!



BUT, THE NAZI PLANS ARE BROKEN UP WHEN...

ARE WE ON TIME, BOYS? OKAY, NAZIS-- DROP YOUR GUNS!

RIGHT ON THE DOT... I DIDN'T KNOW HOW MUCH LONGER WE COULD STALL THEM!

VAS... DER SOLDIERS!



NO... YOU CANNOT PROVE...

WE CAN PROVE EVERYTHING! THE MAJOR HAS BEEN TAILING US FROM THE VERY FIRST... AND YOU LED THE ARMY RIGHT TO YOUR HIDE-OUT!



LATER...

I DON'T THINK ANY OF THAT MAIL HAS BEEN TOUCHED YET!

SWELL... THE BOYS OVERSEAS WILL PROBABLY BE DARNED HAPPY TO GET IT!

AND THE F. B. I WILL BE GLAD TO GET FOUR SMART AXIS AGENTS!



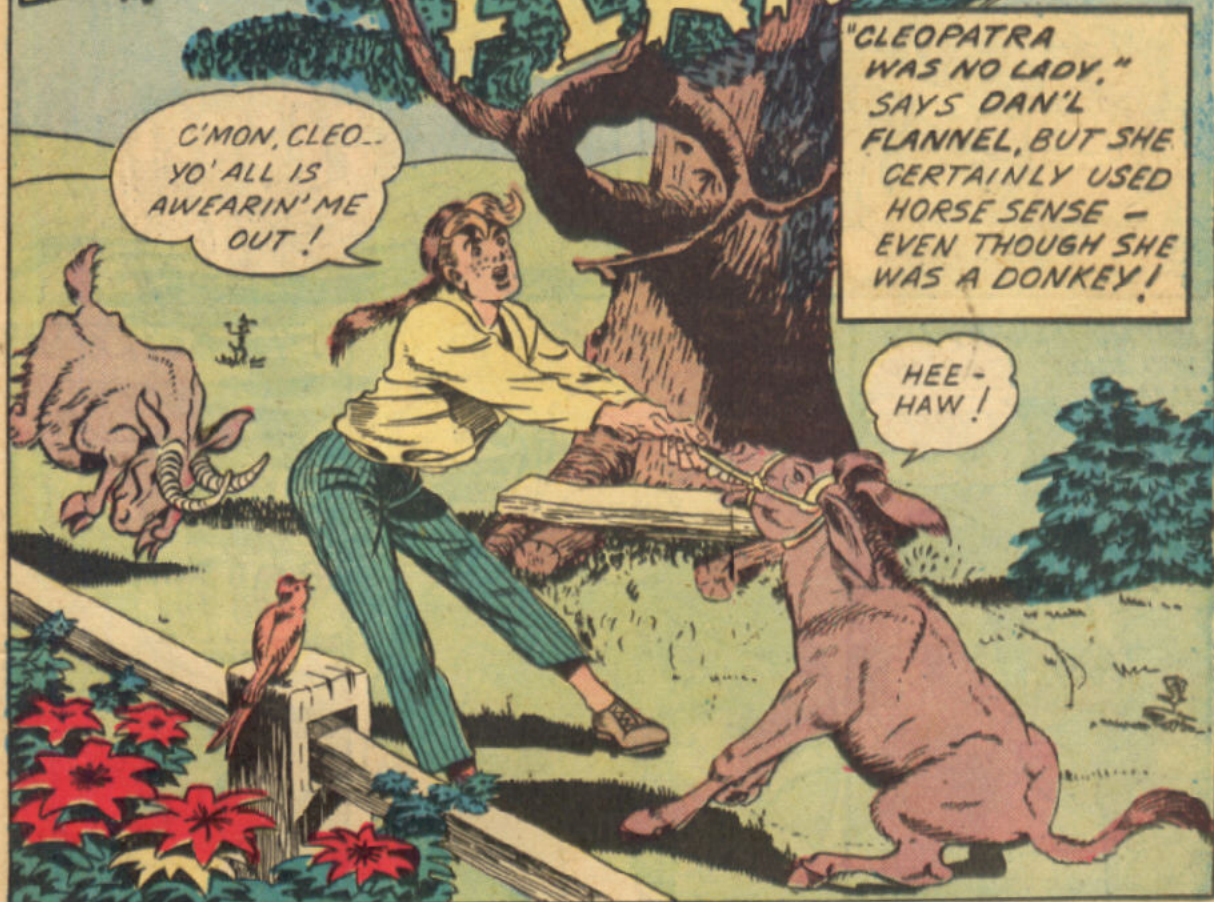
SOMETIME LATER...

GEE-EE! BOY, A LETTER FROM HOME!



WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ARE IMPORTANT-- BUT SO IS MORALE! THIS MONTH, TARGET REMINDS YOU TO WRITE TO YOUR FRIENDS IN THE ARMED FORCES!

DAN'L FLANNEL



"CLEOPATRA
WAS NO LADY,"
SAYS DAN'L
FLANNEL, BUT SHE
CERTAINLY USED
HORSE SENSE —
EVEN THOUGH SHE
WAS A DONKEY!

HEE-
HAW!

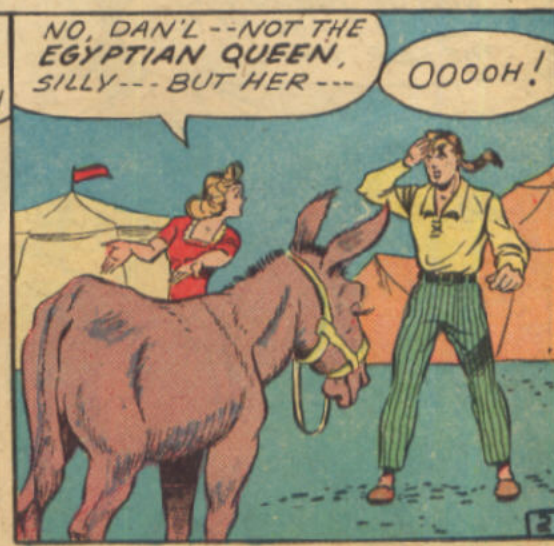
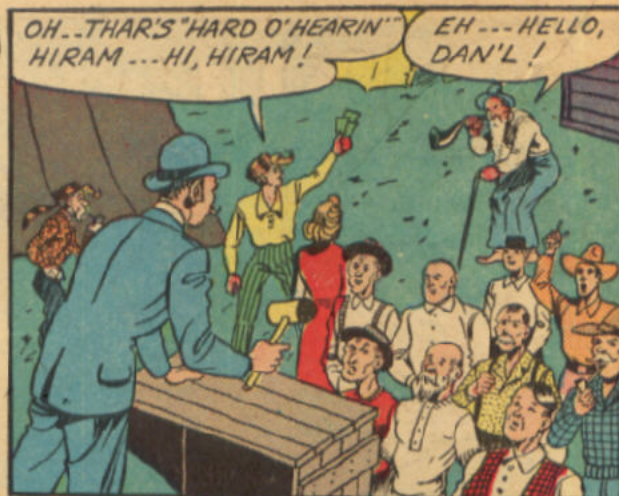
C'MON, CLEO...
YO' ALL IS
AWEARIN' ME
OUT!

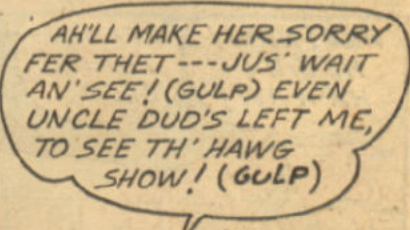
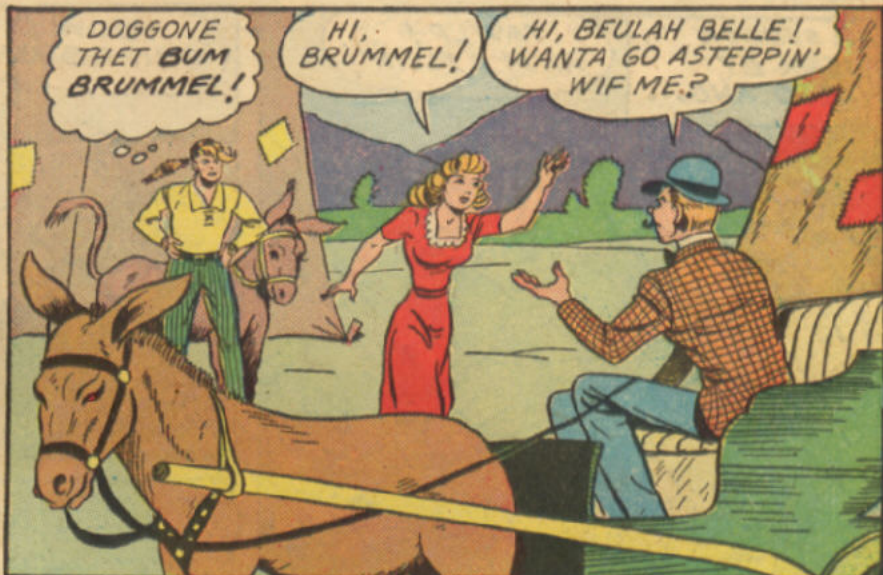
ONE BRIGHT SUMMER DAY, THE HOMESPUN CENTER COUNTY FAIR OPENS --- AND
AMONG THE EARLY ARRIVALS IS DAN'L FLANNEL — WITH HIS UNCLE DUD AND
BEULAH BELLE ----

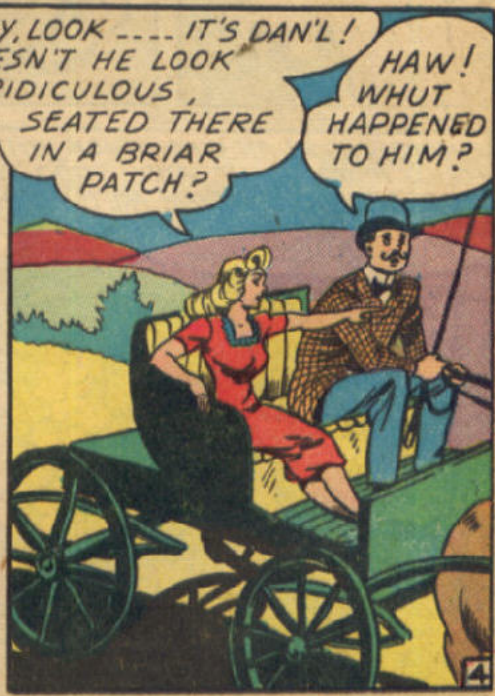
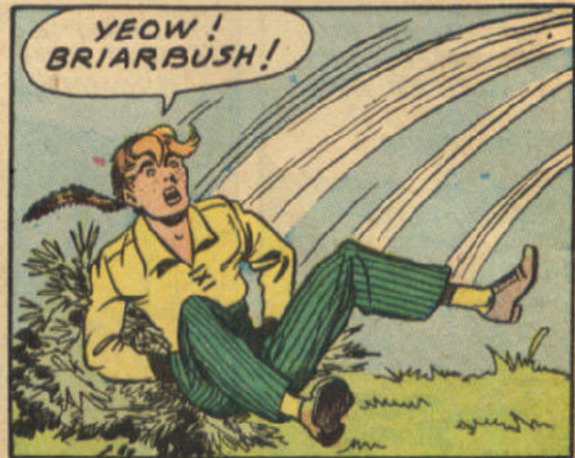
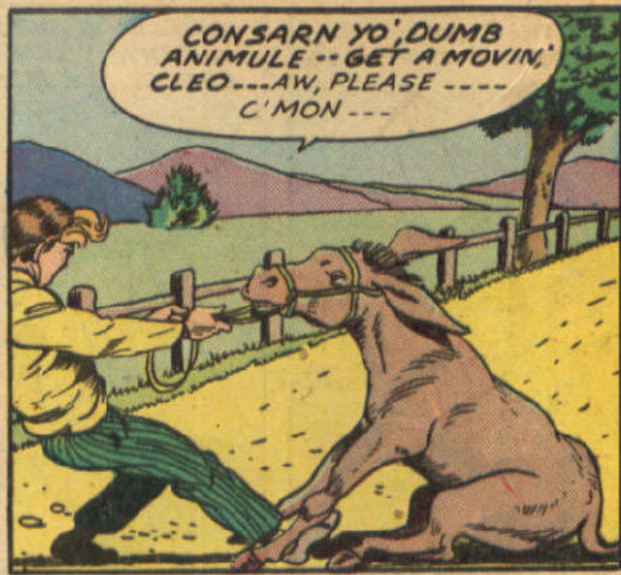
— NICE OF YOU TO TAKE
UNCLE DUD AND ME TO
THE FAIR, DAN'L ---

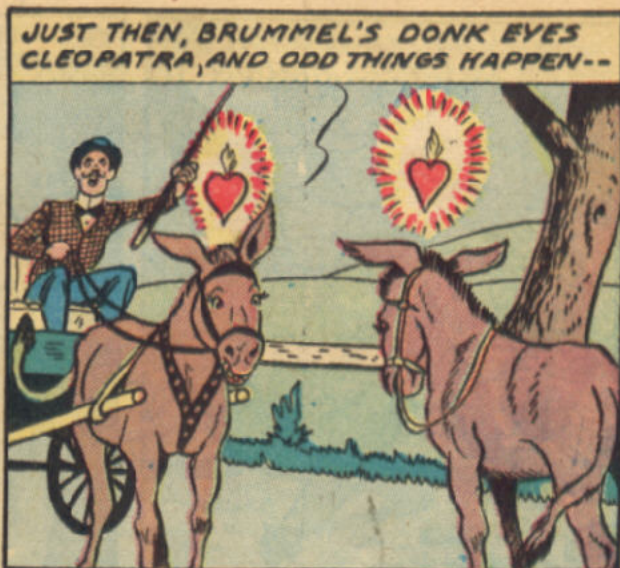
SHUCKS! TAIN'T NOTHIN'!
AH HAS SIX DOLLARS
TO SPEND, TOO!

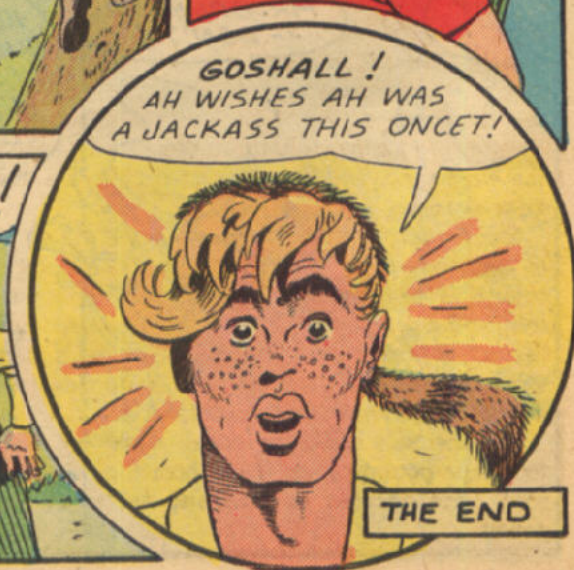
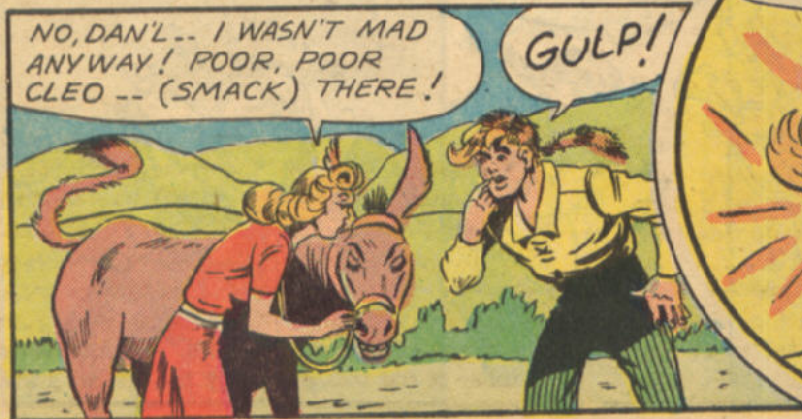
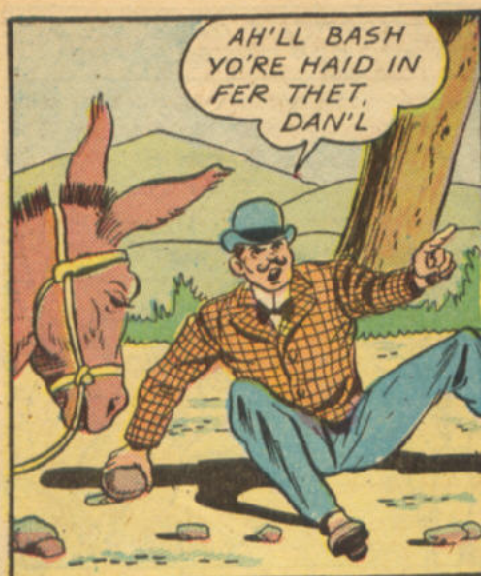












TWO PUNCTURES FOR HITLER

WHEN young Jimmie Poole stopped to fix a puncture in his front tire, little did he realize that he would be a hero from coast to coast.

The night was dark and the heavy sky held a hint of rain as he mounted his bike, turned off Route 66, and began to pedal up the steep gravel road that led to his home.

Suddenly he saw the glaring headlights of a speeding car sweep around the curve on Route 66, just below him. He could tell that the car was traveling at least seventy miles an hour.

— And then Jimmie Poole gasped and got off his bike. Tragedy was near. For, just below where he stood dumbfounded was a barricade consisting of a heavy board swung between two upturned tar barrels. Jimmie knew right off that the speeding car would hit the unlighted barrier. There was a sickening squeal of brakes grabbing for traction on the concrete and then the speeding car smacked into the barrier. There was a crash that should have been heard in Pontiac. Both headlights blacked out, and the car rolled over and over and came to a grinding stop, lying on its side on the grassy bank, its wheels spinning crazily in the air.

Jimmy automatically stooped to turn off the carbide lamp on his bike and then started to clamber and slide down the steep bank toward the hard road, to see if he could help the accident victim.

But he stopped in surprise, because the driver of the overturned car had miraculously escaped injury. He was a keen, wiry-looking young fellow, and he was already out of the overturned car, an automatic held ready in his hand, peering into the dark as if he were expecting fresh danger to pounce upon him from the dark.

Jimmie was about to speak when he heard footsteps pounding up the concrete of the hard road. He decided to wait and see what happened.

THE driver of the overturned car stepped out into the road and poked the muzzle of his automatic into the face of a solidly built man in the drab uniform of a state highway cop. The cop stopped and looked perplexed. Then he spoke with an odd accent: "I'm state policeman. Heard crash and came to see what happened."

The man with the gun apologized. "Sorry. Thought you might be a hijacker or something. My boss has warned me about it so many times, I've been expecting almost anything to happen. Maybe you can help me locate another car. I'm Rex Wilson, and I've got a hundred grand in diamonds in a belt around my waist, and I have to deliver them to an aircraft instrument company in Chicago tomorrow."

The officer seemed eager to help. "I can do better than that for you. I'll take you to a civilian air patrol just up the road. They've got a volunteer pilot on duty and he'll fly you to Chicago."

Jimmie Poole, crouching in the velvet dark, was suddenly suspicious and afraid. He knew this country like his name, and there was no civilian air patrol base that he knew about. He sank down low in the shrubbery. This would bear a little investigation. He decided to follow the two men on his bike, keep his ears open, and find out what was going on.

The officer led Wilson to a state police car parked under the trees up the road, and he drove 200 yards down Route 66, made a left turn onto a gravel road and stopped in front of a big red barn hidden from the road by a grove of trees. He got out and led Wilson inside.

Jimmie Poole hid his bicycle on the grassy bank and crept silently up to the barn. He found a knot-hole and peered into the barn's dimly lighted interior.

Jimmie saw Wilson blinking his eyes as he walked into the interior, so efficiently screened from the outside, and Jimmie realized that the man with the beltful of diamonds had fallen into a clever trap. He knew immediately that this barn was not a civilian air patrol unit but was a hideout for Nazi agents and saboteurs.

OVER near the north wall was a portable radio transmitter, and a big, burly blond bruiser with a crew haircut was sending out a code message.

In front of Wilson, Jimmie could see two men in severely cut civilian clothes, both with wicked-looking automatics in their hands. Both guns were aimed at Wilson's stomach. Jimmie heard the taller of the two, evidently the leader, growl

at Wilson's captor, "Why did you bring this man here, Schneider? Why didn't you just get the diamonds and then kill him?"

The man called Schneider began to remove the state cop uniform. "The accident didn't hurt him. He got out of the wreck and got the drop on me. I haven't even searched him yet, Herr Winkler."

Jimmie Poole wanted to stay there and listen to what happened, but he knew that he had a job to do. He left his peep-hole and raced headlong through the dark toward the spot where he had hidden his bicycle.

Back in the barn, Winkler motioned with his gun. "Search him now, Schneider! You have made it necessary for us to dispose of two men now, instead of one. Both the state cop and this man have seen this place, and they cannot be allowed to go free."

UNTIL now Rex Wilson had been unaware of the trussed-up form lying on a cot near the radio transmitter. This, he knew, was the state cop in whose uniform Schneider had masqueraded. The cop had on only an undershirt and a pair of shorts, and he was effectively gagged with a dirty cloth stuffed in his mouth.

Schneider searched Rex Wilson with rough but skilful hands and had no difficulty in locating the canvas belt full of diamonds, which he handed to Herr Winkler. "These should be of greater value to the Fuehrer than to these fools. What do you want us to do with this man, Herr Winkler?"

Winkler stuffed the beltful of diamonds into his coat pocket and began to slip into a parachute pack. "I am flying to Chicago so I can make proper connections for New York. You will get rid of this man and also the state cop. Repaint the policeman's car and attach different license plates immediately. We must maintain this radio site for some time and we must not risk investigation."

Schneider grinned a fiendish grin. He was climbing back into his own clothes. "As long as you are flying to Chicago, why not take these two fools with you and dump them into Lake Michigan? That will get rid of them and keep any suspicion away from here."

Winkler nodded and smiled coldly. "Ja," he said, "that we will do. Dress the cop in his own uniform and bring him to the plane as soon as he is ready. I will give you ten minutes." He waved his gun at Rex Wilson. "You, my friend, walk ahead of me out the back door of the barn—and try no foolish escape! I will feel no remorse if I am forced to shoot you!"

It was just then that the group of state cops

from the office at Pontiac, brought by little Jimmie Poole, came dashing into sight around the end of the red barn.

The captain of the cops bellowed at the top of his voice, "Drop your guns, you Nazis, or we'll blow you sky-high!"

Winkler ducked and ran for cover behind the shelter of the barn, dragging at his Luger as he ran. One of the cops cut loose with a tommy gun expertly cradled in his arms. Rat-tat-tat! Rat-tat-tat! Rat-tat-tat! The flying lead cut him down, and he fell to the ground, lifeless, arms outflung.

Schneider came running out of the barn, stuttering in his fright and mouthing German epithets. Rex Wilson dove headlong at the Nazi in a football tackle and carried him to the ground. The Nazi collapsed like a pricked balloon as his head smacked against a big boulder in the driveway border.

THE Nazi radio operator was still in the barn when the cops got inside, trying to wreck his radio transmitter. The captain of the cops slugged him on the point of the jaw with a sweeping blow of his fist, and the Nazi went to sleep as if he'd been drugged.

Rex Wilson took his beltful of diamonds back from the lifeless Nazi leader, Herr Winkler. Then he turned to thank the cops for their aid. "Boys, it was sure lucky for me you got here when you did. Your Uncle Sam would have lost a hundred thousand dollars' worth of industrial diamonds, and I would have been a dead pigeon."

The captain of the highway cops shook hands with Rex Wilson. "Glad we could be of service to you. We'll furnish you with a car and driver to get you to Chicago, but your thanks belong to this boy."

He put his brown, freckled hand on Jimmie Poole's red head. "This kid tipped us off that the Nazis had you in a hot box. That's what tickles me plenty: a thirteen-year-old kid wipes out a nest of them smart-alec Nazis that think they're so doggoned smart."

Jimmie Poole grabbed Rex Wilson's sleeve. "The tires on my bicycle are about gone. I had another puncture ridin' after the cops. Do you think your boss could fix it so I could get a new tire? You know they are rationing them now."

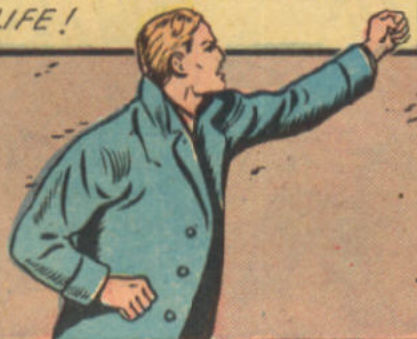
Rex Wilson grinned. "That isn't quite in our line, kid, but if your Uncle Sam is as grateful as I think he will be, I think he'll fix it to give you a new bicycle. You're necessary for National Defense."

THE END

PETE STOCKBRIDGE

The CHAMELEON

CHAMELEON RECEIVES A MESSAGE FROM BERLIN AND IMMEDIATELY CONTACTS THE NAZI AGENTS IN LONDON! THINGS HAPPEN FAST WHEN SQUIRES, THE LITTLE ENGLISH BOY, GOES ALONG WITH A COUPLE OF GERMAN SPIES - AND PETE ALMOST LOSES HIS LIFE!



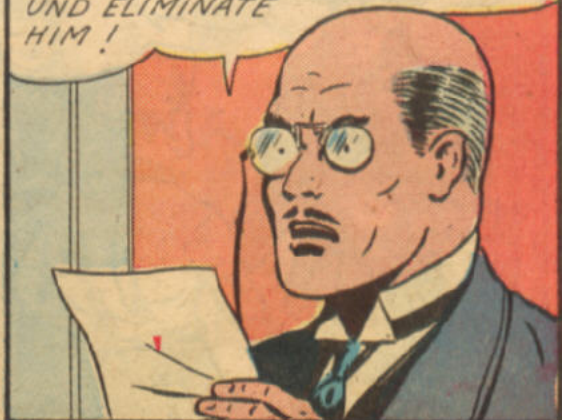
SOMEWHERE IN THE SUBURBS OF LONDON - AT A NAZI HIDEOUT!

HAFF YOU DECODED DAT MESSAGE FROM GERMANY YET, FRITZ?

JA-- I READ IT TO YOU! IT ISS FROM DER GESTAPO!



DEY HAFF CHUST DISCOVERED DAT IT VAS DER CHAMELEON WHO SABOTAGED DER UNDERGROUND MUNITIONS VORKS AT LUDORF! VE MUST TRACE HIM UND ELIMINATE HIM!



HIS REAL NAME ISS PETE STOCKBRIDGE--HE ISS NOW IN LONDON, AT DER KING'S HOTEL! DER ONLY PERSON HE SEES ISS A YOUNG BOY WHO VISITS HIM EFFERY NIGHT!

ANH!

DAT ISS EXCELLENT! VE VILL USE DER BOY TO CATCH HIM! VERSTEHENSIE?

JA, HERR KRIEG!

THAT EVENING PETE IS WAITING IN HIS ROOM FOR HIS YOUNG FRIEND SQUIRES SHOULD BE HERE SOON--WONDER WHAT HE'D LIKE TO DO TONIGHT? GEE, I WISH HE AND RAGSY COULD MEET EACH OTHER!

AT THE SAME TIME, SQUIRES IS LEAVING HIS HOME--

BLIMEY, HI'D BETTER RUSH A MITE--HI'LL BE LATE GETTING TO MR. STOCKBRIDGE'S 'OTEL!

BUT--A FEW BLOCKS AWAY FROM HIS DESTINATION...

HI SAY-- 'OW D'YA KNOW MY NAME?

HELLO! SQUIRES!

HE'S THE BOY ALL RIGHT!

ASK NO QUESTIONS--CHUST COME ALONG MIT US!

SHUT UP!

YOU'RE BLOOMIN' NAZIS!

BUT, HI SAY--WHAT D'YA WANT WITH ME? HI DONT KNOW ANYTHIN'--HONEST!

QUIET!

FINALLY, SQUIRES IS SHOVED THROUGH THE DOOR OF THE NAZI HEADQUARTERS!!

GET IN THERE!

DON'T SHOVE!

GO TO DAT PHONE UND CALL PETE STOCKBRIDGE -- ASK HIM TO COME IMMEDIATELY TO DIS ADDRESS! TELL HIM IT ISS IMPORTANT!

PETE -- BUT HI DONT UNDERSTAND!? WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH HIM?

'ELLO, PETE -- THIS IS SQUIRES! HI SAY, WOULD YOU COME RIGHT HOVER TO 123 BELFRY LANE! HEH? NO, HEVERYTHING'S FINE -- JUST LIKE IN BERLIN!

DO AS I SAY -- NO TRICKS!

ON THE OTHER END ---

WAI --- OH, HE'S HUNG UP! FINE AS IN BERLIN, EH? WELL, BERLIN'S QUITE A MESS THESE DAYS!

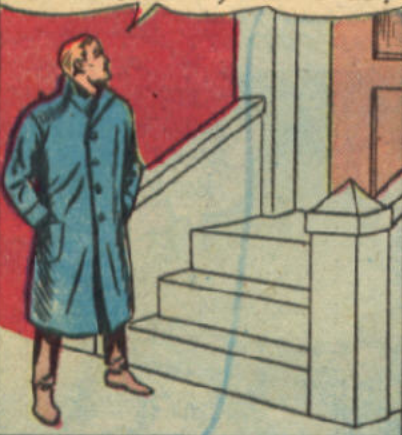
THIS NAZI AVIATOR'S UNIFORM SHOULD MAKE A GOOD DISGUISE!

IT LOOKS AS THOUGH SQUIRES IS IN TROUBLE! BERLIN -- HMM! SOUNDS LIKE NAZIS!

NOW TO SEE WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT! -- HOPE I DON'T MEET UP WITH AN ENGLISH COP!

LATER, PETE IS AT 123 BELFRY LANE!

HM-- LOOKS HARMLESS ENOUGH! WELL, HERE GOES!



A MOMENT PASSES...

DIS MUST BE DER CHAMELEON! GET READY!



GOOT EVENING, MEIN HERR!

VAS--- OH! QUICK, COME IN!



HURRY-- NO ONE MUST SEE YOU! HOW DID YOU COME HERE?

JA! DO NOT LOOK SO VORRIED! I VAS NOT FOLLOWED!



I THOUGHT YOU WERE AN ENEMY AGENT -- HE WILL BE HERE SOON! WE WERE NOT EXPECTING A MEMBER OF DER LUFTWAFFE?

I VASS SHOT DOWN IN DER RAID

LAST NIGHT! I CAME HERE AS SOON AS IT WAS SAFE!



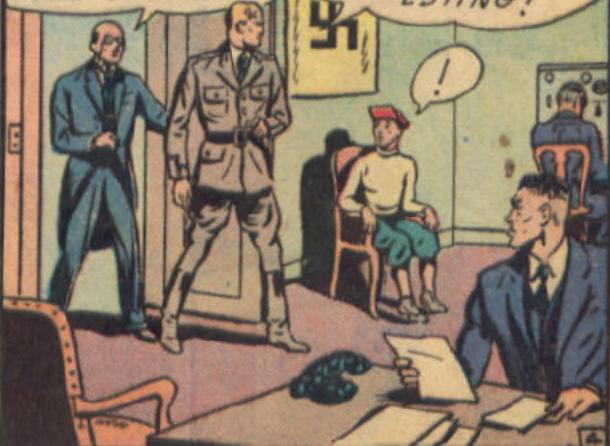
JA-- WE WILL ARRANGE YOUR TRANSPORTATION BACK TO DER FATHERLAND! YOUR NAME UND RANK, LIEUTENANT?

FLIGHT LIEUTENANT KRAZ, 154 LIGHT BOMBER GROUP!



WELL, COME IN UND WAIT MIT US-- WE ARE PLANNING A LITTLE PARTY FOR DER GREAT CHAMELEON!

FOR DER CHAMELEON EH? DAT SHOULD BE VERY INTERESTING!





UND DER BOY--
VHAT HAS HE
TO DO MIT DIS
"PARTY"?

ACH-- HE ISS DER
BAIT FOR OUR
REAL FISH !

HI WONDER HIF THAT
MIGHT BE MR. STOCK-
BRIDGE? BERLIN
HIS THE SIGNAL HI
GAVE HIM !



HA-- YOU DO THINGS JUST
LIKE IN BERLIN, NO ?

BERLIN?!

JA--VE CARRY
ON FOR DER
THIRD ORDER!

VHY DOES DER LIEUTENANT
LOOK AT DER BOY DAT
VAY? DER CHAMELEON--
HE ISS A MASTER OF
DISGUISE! I MUST BE
SURE

JUST A FORMALITY,
LIEUTENANT-- BUT
I VOULD LIKE TO
SEE YOUR PAPERS !

PAPERS? VHY I HAD
TO BURN DEM FOR
FEAR OF HAFING
DEM ON MY PERSON
IF I VAS CAUGHT!



CONSIDERING DAT YOU VEAR A
NAZI UNIFORM, DAT IS A POOR
EXCUSE, LIEUTENANT! ARE YOU SURE
DAT YOU ARE NOT DER CHAMELEON?

VHY--MY DEAR
SIR...



YOU SHOULD HAVE SURPRISED ME
WITH THAT GUESS! I AM THE
CHAMELEON! AND, YOU'VE GIVEN
ME JUST THE RIGHT AMOUNT
OF TIME I NEEDED!

AGUN! PETE!





AND THIS IS FOR TRYING TO SHOOT ME!

DER GUN!



DAT VAS YOUR LAST CHANCE, CHAMELEON!

BAM!



CHAMELEON SINKS TO THE FLOOR --

DIS SHOT ISS FOR DER FACTORY AT LUDORF!!

NO-DONT! DONT!



HOWEVER, KRIEG'S PLAN FOR REVENGE IS CUT SHORT!

ROUND 'EM ALL UP BOYS!

VAS -- ACH! BRITISH MILITARY POLICE!

DROP THAT GUN NAZI!

NEIN-- NEIN!



WE CAME AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE, MR. STOCKBRIDGE!

YOU ALMOST ARRIVED TOO LATE--MY DISGUISE WAS NOT CLEVER ENOUGH TO KEEP THEM GUESSING!



WELL, 'SQUIRES-- THIS IS WHERE I LEAVE YOU! TOMORROW I HAVE TO GET BACK TO WORK-- CAN'T TELL YOU WHAT OR WHERE!

YOU MEAN YOU'RE GOING BACK TO-- TO GERMANY AND PLACES?



CHEERIO, MR. STOCKBRIDGE, AND GOD BLESS YOU WHEREVER YOU GO! BLIMEY HIM CRYIN' LIKE A BABY!

SO PETE IS LEAVING ENGLAND! WELL, BY THE TIME THE NEXT ISSUE OF TARGET HITS THE STANDS HE'LL PROBABLY BE DEEP IN A NEW ADVENTURE!

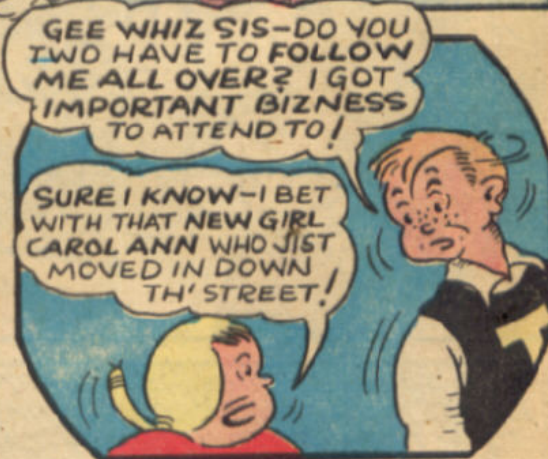
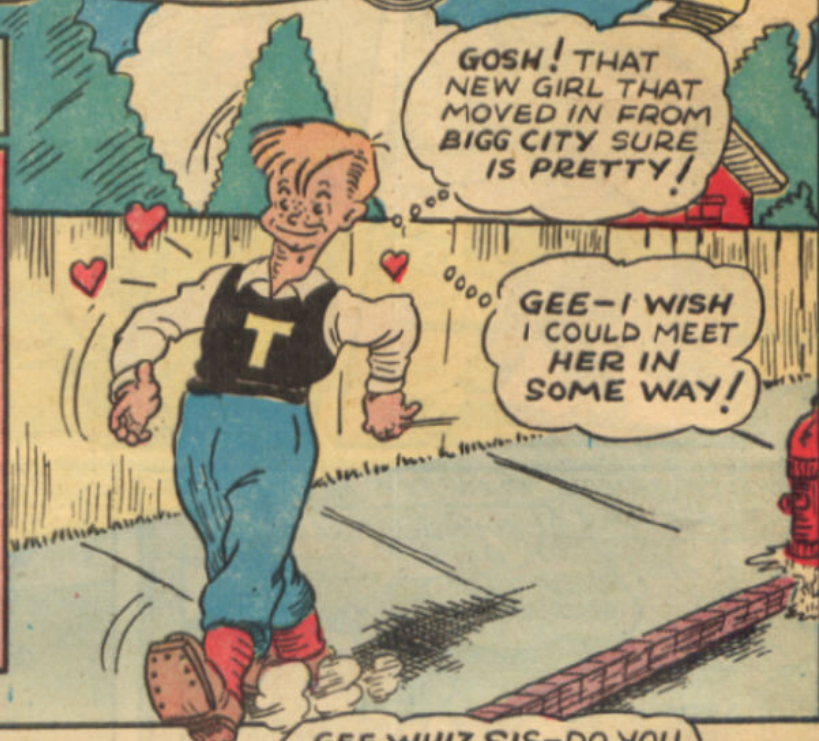
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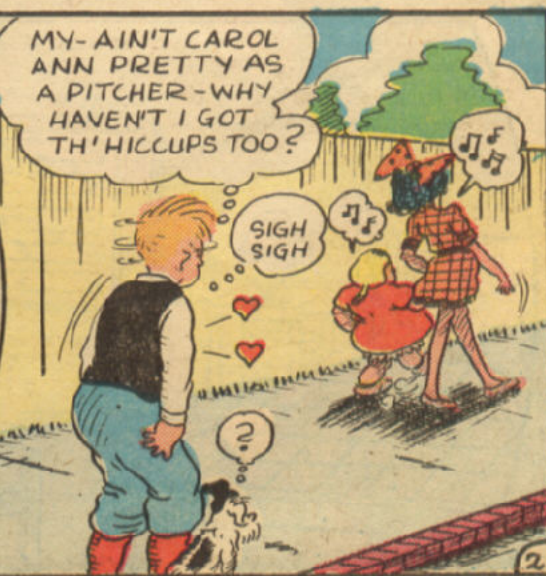
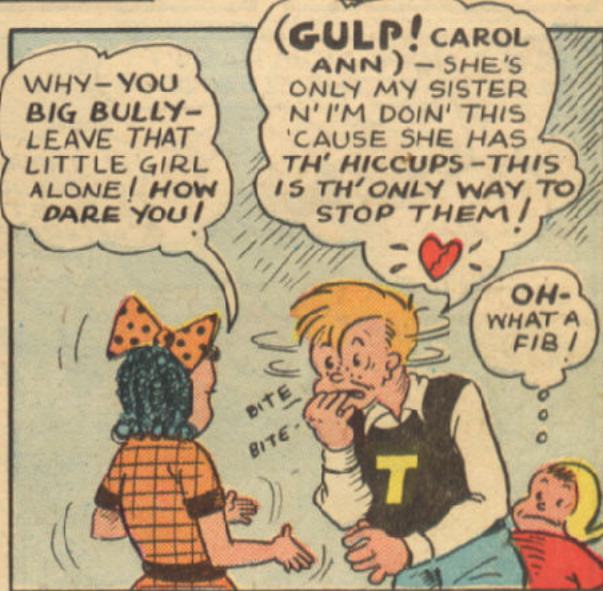
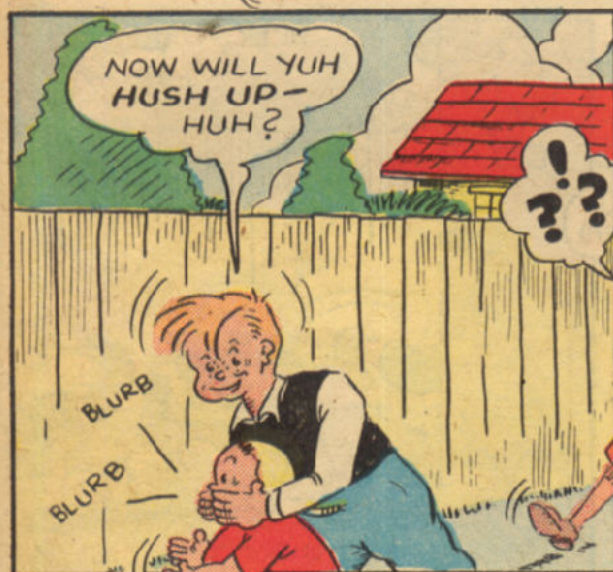
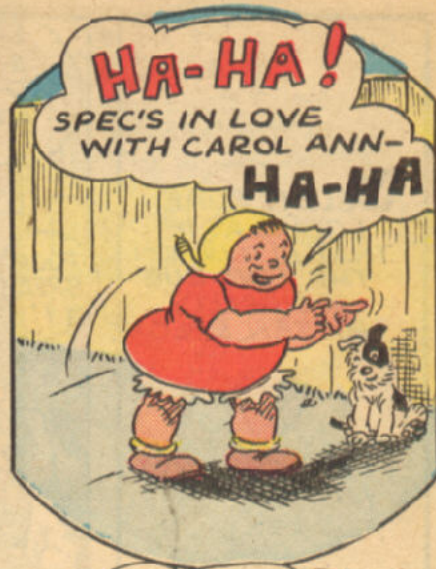
by MILT HAMMER

SYNOPSIS..

IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY OFTEN TURNS TO THOUGHTS OF LOVE-AND OUR HERO IS NO DIFFERENT FROM ANY OTHER AMERICAN BOY YOU MIGHT KNOW

V.I.O.T.-VICTORY IS OUR TARGET...





WELL IT SURE
LOOKS AS IF
THAT OLD DEMON
THE LOVE-BUG
HAS REALLY
BITTEN SPEC..



I GOTTA DO SUMPIN'
TO GIT CAROL ANN'S
ATTENTION-BUT HOW
??

POOR
SPEC
!!

OH
ME!
(SIGH)

IDEA!

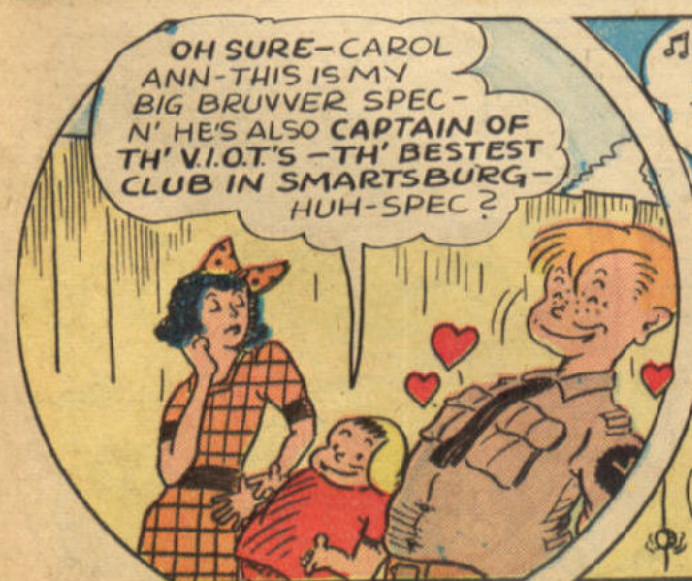
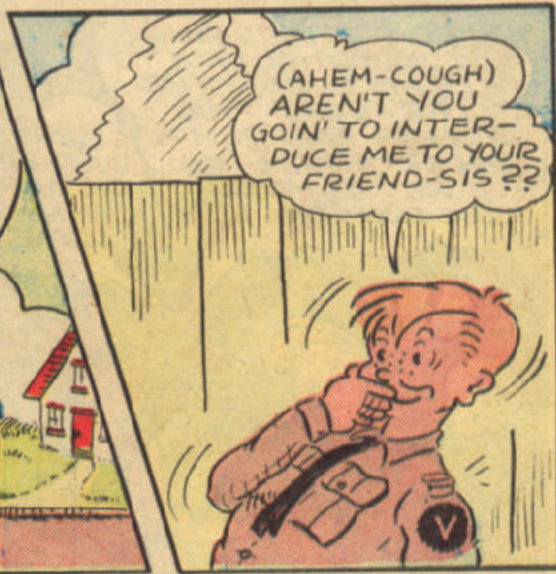
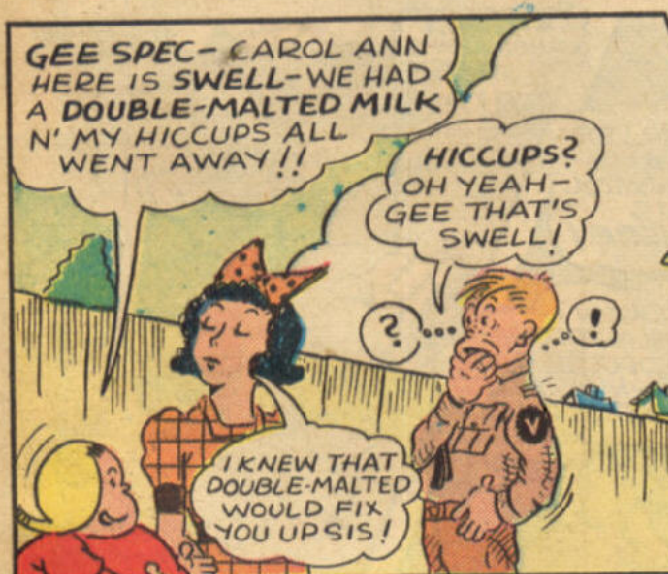
GEE I HOPE MOM HASN'T
SENT IT TO THE CLEANERS
YET-OH BOY

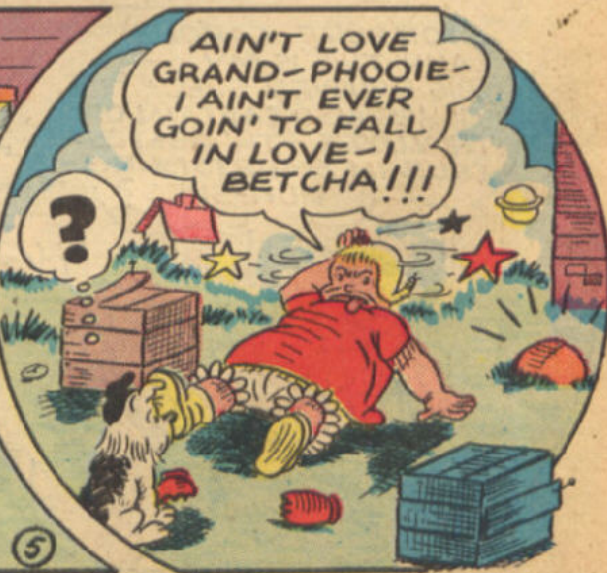
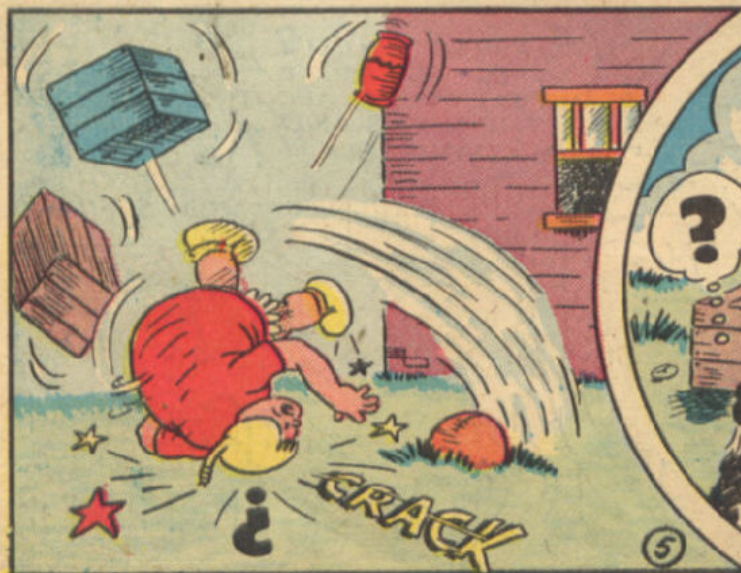
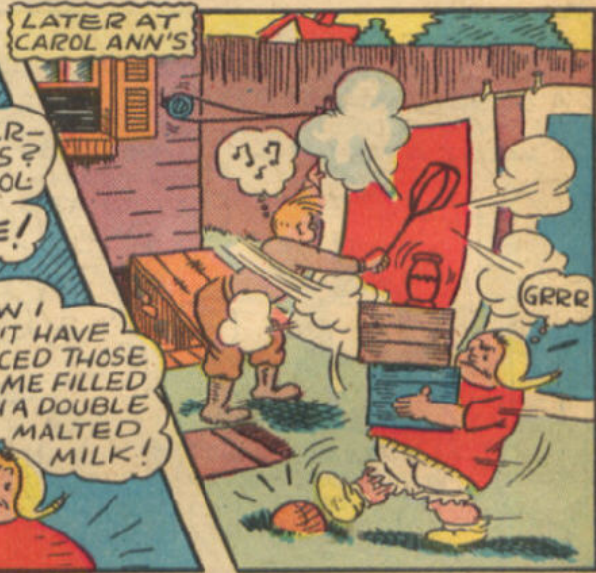
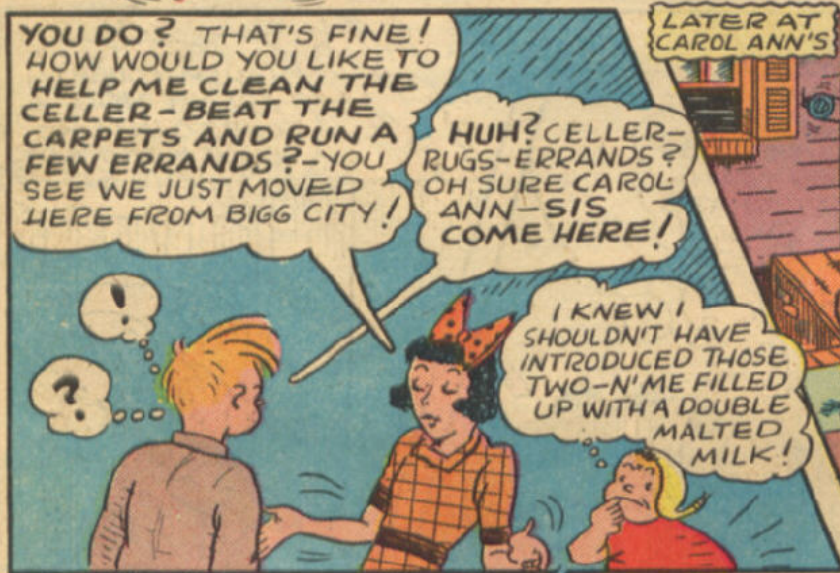
N' I THOUGHT
I'D SPEND
A QUIET
AFTERNOON-
(PUFF-PUFF)

SWISH

AH-HERE IT
IS! BOY-AM I
LUCKY TO-DAY!!

?





TAKE YOUR PICK!



YOU can earn PRIZES like MAGIC! It's fun! It's easy. Take your pick of any of these prizes—the G-man set for instance—it's the real McCoy—complete with inking pad, dusting powders and magnifying glass. Or how about a flashlight, a watch or pen and pencil set? If you're a camper you'll get a real thrill out of owning the hand axe and knife. These can be yours for delivering Collier's Magazines. Mail the coupon and get started today.

BOYS

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The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.
Springfield, Ohio.

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The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.
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FREE



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JUST REMEMBER THE TWO WORDS "BAG" AND "FED"

—THAT EASY Sounds simple, doesn't it? and it is! We have worked out a course of instructions so simple that even if you never could read a note of music before, you will play the CLARINET HARMONET, correctly from music. With this copyrighted feature, you just remember two simple words, which are "BAG" and "FED." If you know the alphabet from A to G, or can count from 1 to 7, and we are sure you do, you can play the CLARINET HARMONET. You master the fingering of the holes by a simplified number system. Before you know it, your CLARINET HARMONET, produces flute-like musical notes... all sharps and flats are playable so as to bring out professional-like musical melodies. Thousands of songs, including patriotic, popular or instrumental pieces can be played easily and quickly by following the simple fast-moving instructions. You begin your first lesson by playing the patriotic song "America," and after a few moments of learning the fingering you can go on from there playing any popular piece... we also show you how to mark songs for easy CLARINET HARMONET, playing. Everything is included. It's light and portable. There is nothing else to buy but ACT AT ONCE because this offer is LIMITED.

5 DAYS FREE TRIAL

You don't risk a single cent... no indeed! We are positive you will be satisfied. We are confident you will never part with this CLARINET HARMONET. For double the price... order yours today and try it for 5 days and if you are not 100% delighted, but we are sure you will be, return it and we will refund your \$1.98 at once.

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ALL OF THIS
INCLUDED—ONLY

\$1.98

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